

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

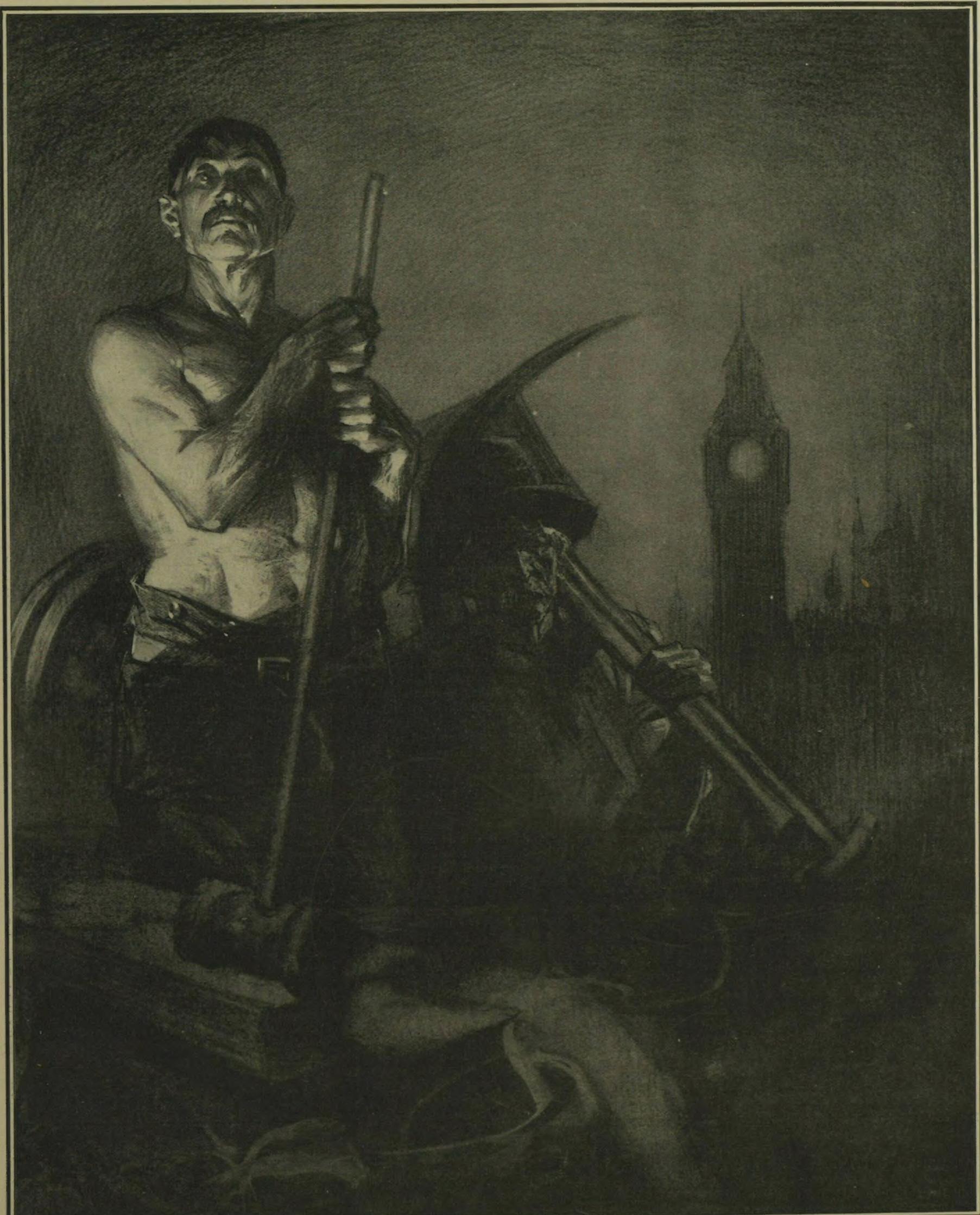
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SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1906.

SIXPENCE.

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THE COMING OF LABOUR: FROM THE WORKSHOP TO ST. STEPHEN'S.

DRAWN BY MAX COWPER.

Since the passing of the last Franchise Bill, Labour has had political power in its hand, but not until this election has it realised its strength. The Unionists prophesy that the Labour party will give the Government trouble, but Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's majority has left him a free hand, and even apart from this consideration, there is little doubt that Liberalism and Labour will find a modus vivendi.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

I SEE that that very graceful and effective writer, Mr. G. S. Street, has been quarrelling with my Christmas remarks in this paper and my request for bonfires. He quarrels in a very kindly way; I would say in a very Christmas way, but that such festive phrases are open to a misconstruction. What he says about me I can afford to pass, because I know it will be genial and only too complimentary. But what he says about the human race is not at all complimentary. He says that the human race is growing less jovial. If he means that the race in this last twopenny decade of time and in this one twopenny corner of Europe has been growing less jovial, it may be true. It may be true, and it may soon be false. Modern science may have banished joviality, as the Puritans banished joviality. But the Puritans did not banish it for long. Such seriousness as the Puritan seriousness, such seriousness as the modern scientific seriousness, can only be counted among the quite fugitive and even fantastic excursions of our history. Puritan solemnity was one of the frivolities of mankind. Scientific solemnity is one of its skylarkings, one of its nights-out. It is a mere tomfoolery, but instead of painting things red it paints things blue. Such tragedies occur only rarely, and almost at random: the tragedy of Milton, who gives up poetry for the sake of writing scurrilous pamphlets; the tragedy of Darwin, who loses his human love of music for an inhuman love of information. Such tragedies, I say, come rarely and soon fade away. But the fixed and eternal thing in human life is its comedy. The comedy of man survives the tragedy of men.

Take as an excellent instance the very expression to which Mr. Street objects. He does not like my wanting him to dance round a bonfire. I will not attempt to temporise in the matter; I will not deny that I should like Mr. Street to dance round a bonfire. The sight of him dancing away would move me to tears of happiness. Since it is rather hard on him to let him do the dancing all by himself, I should earnestly recommend Mr. Arthur Symons, Mr. Robert Hichens, and, especially, Mr. William Archer to give him a hand, and let them go round together. Mr. Archer after two or three rounds will be another man. I hasten to add that I do not mean that this would be a desirable transformation; I use the phrase in its vulgar connotation. But, as I say, take this case of bonfires. Are bonfires going out? Is there a decline in bonfires, indicating a decline in geniality? Not in the least. Primitive men when they were happy made bonfires. Undergraduates at Oxford and Cambridge, in modern coats and collars, when they are happy, make bonfires. Nothing is more clearly rooted and permanent than the comic use of bonfires. But the thing which was really slight and fugitive, the thing that really did fade like a fashion in bonnets, was the tragic use of bonfires. There was a time, chiefly from the fifteenth century to the beginning of the seventeenth, when people tried to use bonfires seriously. They used them to consume eccentric philosophers who could not be got to agree with the community. It was a practical notion; but the thing was dropped. It was one of the gloomy jokes of humanity (like modern sociology), and because it was gloomy it soon passed away—just as Malthusianism has passed away. In case anybody should be under the ancient impression that this morbid sort of bonfire only arises in connection with theology, it may be worth while to remark that it has been revived—in the most progressive and modern of lands. Americans burn men at the stake occasionally. And the Americans are worse than the morbid religionists of the fifteenth century: for the religionists roasted men avowedly in order to unite them in one Church; the Americans roast men avowedly in order to divide them into two races. It is in the land of Edison and quick lunches that Torquemada still lives. There they eat quickly, they drink quickly, they travel and do business quickly. Is there anything they do slowly? Yes, they kill men slowly. But, as I say, these are the dark frivolities of man, and they will pass. Lynching will pass as Smithfield passed. If, therefore, Mr. Street means to say that there is or has been for the last half-century or so a fashion of sorrow, he is quite right; there has been a fashion of sorrow, and, as is usual in such cases, comparatively little sorrow and a great deal of fashion. Spiritually and philosophically we have gone into black. Spiritually and philosophically we shall go out of black. Even now pessimism has had its early defeats, and already there is revolt against revolt.

But I think Mr. Street means in reality much more than this. He means that the human race has for long periods, perhaps from the beginning, been growing less jovial. He means that the human race has, from the beginning, been growing more gloomy. Now about this one thing ought to be said, and that abruptly and decidedly. The human race has not been growing more and more anything from the beginning. The human race has not been growing less and less anything from the beginning. If there has been progress, there has been no progress which can be expressed simply in

terms of one tendency or one thing. If there has been retrogression, there has been no retrogression which can be clearly defined as retrogression in one respect. If any tendency has gone on consistently from the beginning, the world would not be as varied as it now is. If everything had really been growing redder, the grass by this time would be red. If everything had really been growing greener, the blood in our veins by this time would be green. If the whole of humanity had continually been growing more jovial, we should not have in our midst anybody with the beautiful melancholy of Mr. G. S. Street. And if the whole of humanity had been (as Mr. Street suggests) continually growing less jovial, there would not exist throughout the whole of humanity such an optimist as I am. I should have been hunted down and killed like a wolf long ago.

But when Mr. Street comes to develop his objection to my jovial Christmas he shows unconsciously the complete weakness of his position—the complete weakness of the position of many of the brilliant men of modernity among whom he has a high place. He begins, as I have said, by saying that the human race is growing less jovial. He goes on to make a really touching apologia for those who sit sad at Christmas. He says that "if we do it, it is because we have memories, not because we are cynics." But he ends up by asking with all proper pomp and severity how I can expect that people who have to take a few drops of arsenic after breakfast to soothe their nerves can enjoy pulling crackers.

Now really, is not the mere instance enough? The human race is growing less jovial. And if we ask for the human race, we are referred to a set of persons who take a few drops of arsenic to soothe their nerves after every mortal breakfast that they eat. Does the human race take a few drops of arsenic to soothe its nerves? The picture is somewhat wild and suggestive. A very large section of the human race (as in our own big cities) never has any breakfast to speak of. They are obliged to omit the breakfast, but let us hope that they do not omit the few drops of arsenic. And when we go outside our own rather ugly civilisation, that after-breakfast soother becomes more and more strange and picturesque. The heavy Sussex peasant (and undisputed representative of the human race) stumbles sleepily towards his breakfast, which consists entirely of beer. Does he drink the beer first and the arsenic afterwards? Or does he content himself with the arsenic already in the beer? The shepherd on the Scotch hills thinks nothing of his breakfast-porridge unless it is followed by an arsenic second course. The King of the Cannibal Islands after he has eaten eight Colonial Bishops takes a little arsenic, as Mr. Street says, to soothe his nerves.

No; to abandon symbolism, I do not think that the human race as a whole is taking arsenic after breakfast. I do not think that the human race is becoming in the least degree less jovial. A certain race of literary men may be becoming less jovial. But in so far as they are becoming less jovial they are simply becoming less a part of the human race. If there is any section of our population which has to take arsenic to soothe its nerves, it is surely absolutely evident that such a section is becoming less human. And whatever else it creates—pictures, poems, or operas—it is not at all likely to create a race. No! The last and most important lesson of humility that we literary men of Western Europe have to learn is that the race will go on being healthy even if we go on being morbid. It used to be our first pride that our wisdom would save the world. It is now our last pride that at least our madness will ruin the world. It will do nothing of the kind. Humanity will be so occupied for ever and ever in pulling crackers after supper that it will not even know whether we have taken our medicine after breakfast.

Crackers are, indeed, a singularly perfect symbol of this permanent joviality, this feast that has gone on from the beginning of the world. For crackers, like bonfires, are beautiful because there is about them one touch of the dreadful beauty of fire. They are loved by children and by all people who are simple and unarisenised (a jolly word) because they combine a promise of pleasure with the very faintest suggestion of catastrophe and fear. The chief glory of crackers is not that they contain mottoes (I am not old enough myself to care for the mottoes yet), the chief glory of crackers is not even that they contain coloured caps and very shrill whistles, priceless as these things are; the chief glory of crackers is that they crack. A cracker combines the virtues of a large treasure-chest and a small pistol. And although it may be said, and said truly enough, that crackers are not eternal things like bonfires, that in the course of time Mr. Tom Smith and his giant collaborators will disappear like old patterns for hats and coats, yet even here we see the main truth to which I have drawn attention. Even here the comedy of mankind is more constant than the tragedy of mankind. For there has been only one type of cracker ever since I was a child. And there has been rather more than one type of quick-firing gun.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE SUPERIOR MISS PELLENDER." AT THE WALDORF.

IT is still the old Haymarket mixture of "sugar and spice and all that's nice"—in other words, of conventional sentiment and not very unconventional humour—on which Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Maude rely now that they have, by arrangement with Messrs. Shubert, opened at the Waldorf Theatre. The play in which they have elected to make their reappearance, "The Superior Miss Pellender," is a teacup-and-saucer comedy of Mr. Sydney Bowkett's contriving, which deals with the embarrassments of a charming but almost middle-aged widow who has fallen in love with a shy and not too manly bachelor, and finds a difficulty in explaining her case to her four far from tiny children, especially as the eldest girl, a prim, masterful damsel of eighteen, imagines that the visits of her mother's suitor are made in her honour. The theme, you will perceive, is rather mawkishly sentimental as well as absurdly fantastic. The love of middle-age can only be made interesting on the stage when it is passionate and sincere: when, as here, it is exhibited as alternately "spoony" and ridiculous, it cannot win respect. It is hard to believe that a woman with any sense of dignity could waste her affections on such a poor-spirited creature as the man of Mrs. Pellender's choice; it is more incredible that a mother of a family would elope with any man out of dread of her children's censure. The children, indeed, all nicely individualised, are the redeeming feature of Mr. Bowkett's play; they are natural, and their respective humours are admirably set out by Mr. R. Bottomley, Miss Madge Titherage, Miss Dagmar Wiehe, and Miss Beatrice Ferrar, the last-mentioned actress a born comédienne if ever there was one, suggesting the vixenishness of the eighteen-year-old daughter with delightful piquancy. As the two middle-aged lovers, Mr. Cyril Maude and Miss Winifred Emery waste their unique talents on unremunerative parts; and Mr. Maude finds more scope in "The Partik'ler Pet," an amusing one-act piece adapted from the French by Edward Knoblauch, which pokes fun at casual-ward management, and provides the actor in the rôle of a tramp mistaken for a reporter, and therefore, to his astonishment, most royally treated, with opportunities for presenting a neat sketch of character, and provoking the heartiest laughter.

"AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE." AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

At a time in which all eyes have been turned to the returns of a General Election, Mr. Tree was happily inspired in reviving that famous play of Henrik Ibsen's, "An Enemy of the People," wherein much oratory is devoted to the blindness and tyranny of "compact majorities." Its atmosphere, limited as it is to a small Norwegian municipality and its corrupt corporation, is parochial of course, and the merits of the piece are rhetorical and epigrammatic rather than dramatic. But there are many wise thoughts, luminous paradoxes, and stirring speeches in the play, and since it falls to the lot of the intransigent reformer, Dr. Stockman, to voice nearly all of these, and since Mr. Tree, who has a liking for the rôle of the doctor, could just as easily have been a most successful platform orator as a superb character-actor, patrons of His Majesty's Theatre found there a very enjoyable entertainment last week.

EURIPIDES' "ELECTRA." AT THE COURT.

A tragedy which, like the "Electra" of Euripides, has for its central figure a strong and unrelenting woman who pushes a man of more scrupulous nature along the road to murder, must surely be held to require, just as does the "Macbeth" of Shakespeare, which it so strongly resembles, nothing short of tragic acting. Probably the lack of such acting in the Court company's representation of "Electra," was responsible for the lukewarm reception this play obtained last week, so strangely in contrast with the enthusiasm which greeted the revivals of the "Hippolytus" and the "Trojan Women." That, and the fact that the two latter dramas appeal to modern romantic or humanitarian sentiment, as the "Electra" cannot do, with its theme of a daughter remorselessly killing her mother to avenge her father. It was certainly not Mr. Gilbert Murray's translation that was at fault; his beautiful version has a majesty of diction, a sonority of phrase, a warmth of rhetoric, a faultlessness of cadence worthy of Euripides himself, and this despite its use of the rhymed couplet. No; any disappointment was due to the interpretation, which, while dignified and correct in elocution, lacked the essential note of passion. Perhaps only a Bernhardt or a Siddons could thrill us as we should be thrilled in the part of Electra; Miss Wynne-Matthison's performance was full of intelligence, but woke neither terror nor compassion in her audience. So, again, Mr. Harcourt Williams as Orestes used his fine voice without restraint, and seemed to think tragic effects could be gained by shouting. Even the members of the well-trained chorus were on this occasion earnest rather than impressive.

"LES AFFAIRES SONT LES AFFAIRES." AT THE ROYALTY.

Those who have been following the season of French plays at the Royalty Theatre had a rare treat granted them last week in the production of M. Octave Mirbeau's drama, "Les Affaires sont les Affaires," when the famous Comédie-Française actor, M. de Feraudy, showed us what subtlety could be put into an impersonation of the self-confident and ruthless millionaire who is the play's central figure, and indeed its only excuse for existence. In the English rendering of "Business is Business," as the piece was called at His Majesty's, Mr. Tree, who played the part of the millionaire, gave us a wonderfully clever and bizarre piece of characterisation; but, after all, as compared with M. de Feraudy's interpretation, his dealt only with the outside of the man—his flashy dress, his overbearing manners, his air of insufferable egotism: whereas M. de Feraudy revealed

to us the man's soul, and seemed scarcely so much acting as living in the part he portrayed with such marvellous insight. M. de Feraudy had splendid support from Madame Lara, who was cast for the part of the daughter, and, needless to say, he has had to repeat his performance during the current week.

"BROTHER OFFICERS" REVIVED AT THE GARRICK.

Mr. Arthur Bourchier revived last Monday at the Garrick Theatre Mr. Leo Trevor's comedy of "Brother Officers," which will be remembered for its pleasant pictures of barrack and mess-room life and its quaint if rather highly coloured study of the social embarrassments of a promoted ranker whose gallantry has won him a commission. John Hinds, V.C., with his awkward manners, his blundering generosity, and his (short-lived) ambition of winning the affections of the fastidious Baroness Roydon, seems to promise us at first a serious attempt at the analysis of a very interesting social type of to-day; but he is soon converted into the self-sacrificing hero of sentimental melodrama, and is used as a mere *deus ex machina* to free the lady's more acceptable suitor from the clutches of a blackmailer. The play, therefore, proves, after all, to be in essence a mere piece of theatricality, but there is enough novelty about its military setting to disguise its conventionality; and there is sufficient breeziness about its gallant hero to enable Mr. Bourchier to make of him a very genial and effective character-sketch. Miss Violet Vanbrugh is once more a very gracious Baroness. Mr. George Trollope compares well with Mr. Beveridge and Mr. Valentine as the villain, while Mr. Julian L'Estrange, and Miss Muriel Beaumont help to produce a very admirable ensemble.

ART NOTES.

THE Exhibition of the Society of Arts and Crafts is held this year at the Grafton Galleries. Even the size of these galleries seems to have proved nothing too great to hold the thousand and one objects fashioned by the very skilled exhibitor here. He cannot be said to typify the British workman, nor is he represented in even the new House of Commons. All the same, this Labour Party of the Arts and Crafts seems to have gained considerably in strength since the last display of its output. A few years ago there were signs of degeneracy among these gentle practitioners in wood, metal, and leather. The unhealthy curves and blobs of "l'art nouveau" had insinuated themselves into the work of the less robust among them. But that wave has gone by them; it has passed into its place—the cheap channels of commerce. Now that the factories produce "l'art nouveau" at "a penny a line" it has been denied acceptance by the serious workers of the day; and we are grateful.

On the whole, the exhibitors at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition show themselves extraordinarily loyal to the man who first changed the taste and aspect of England. William Morris's influence, and the influences he encouraged, may be discovered in all the best work at the Grafton Galleries. It would be too large a compliment to assert that his own influence is to be everywhere found; but it is not extravagant to say that it was he who cleared the path forward to good achievement, and backward to the antique models which set the standard for all the best work of to-day. While the "Arts and Crafts" have had the strength to resist the degeneracy that assailed them in the form of "l'art nouveau" they have also—and as followers of Morris, most naturally—repulsed the wave of reaction that threatened of late to undo some of the victories due to his teaching. Chintz and early Victorian furniture are now the fashion in the "artistic" home. Black-leaded fireplaces and marble mantelpieces, upon which rest the little china ornaments of a "late period," may be seen in the pictures of the new English Art School by the dozen; and some of London's prettiest women have discarded the dress of mediæval fashion (in favour among followers of Burne-Jones) for the dress of those more recent dark ages upon which Morris flashed the searchlight of revolt.

It is impossible, in such small space, to deal with the individual successes of this exhibition. There is much work, both charming and admirable, in furniture, jewellery, metal-work, and fabrics. The art of the typographer is in its hey-day; the complementary, though more ancient art of the binder has never so flourished in England—Mr. Cockerell's work is most noticeable for scholarship and accomplishment—and the scribe and illuminator—Miss Lessore shows some very distinctive writing and decoration—is a person who has stepped from the olden times into the twentieth century, rather feeble perhaps for his long sleep, but yet promising to recover his lost genius with the pen. W. M.

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THE VALLEY OF LOST CHILDREN.

By William Hope Hodgson.

CHIPPINGE. Chapters IV.-VI. By Stanley J. Weyman.

London: SMITH, ELDER, and CO., 15, Waterloo Place, S.W.

BIRTH.

ROGERS.—On the 10th inst., at Lapford Rectory, North Devon, the
wife of William Henry Rogers, of a son.

"THE SKETCH."

EVERY WEDNESDAY.

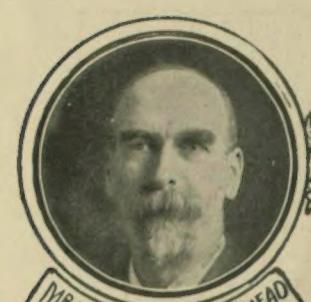
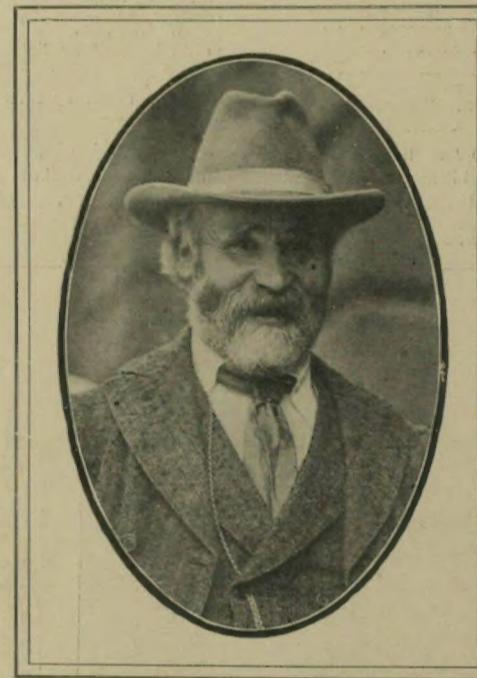
EVERY MATTER OF INTEREST TREATED IN THE BRIGHTEST WAY.

THE BEST PAPER FOR THEATRICAL AND SOCIAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

PLENTY TO LOOK AT; PLENTY TO READ.

"THE SKETCH."</h

THE LABOUR PHALANX IN PARLIAMENT: PROMINENT LEADERS.

MR. J. JOHNSON, GATESHEAD
PITMAN, LABOUR ORGANISER.LABOUR M.P.s IN THE
1874 ... 2
1885 ... 11
1892 ... 15
1906 Election—MR. G. WARDLE, STOCKPORT
RAILWAY CLERK, FACTORY HAND,
EDITOR RAILWAY REVIEWHOUSE OF COMMONS.
1895 ... 12
1900 ... 13
Bye-elections ... 3
50 up to Wednesday.MR. P. SNOWDEN, BLACKBURN
EX CIVIL SERVANTMR. W. R. CREMER, SHOREDITCH
CARPENTER, WON NOBEL PRIZEMR. S. WALSH, S. W. LANCs.
MINER, LABOUR ORGANISERMR. A. H. GILL, BOLTON
MINER, LABOUR ORGANISERMR. KEIR HARDIE, MERTHYR TYDFIL,
Miner; Founder of Independent Labour Party.LABOUR COMPARED WITH THE CENTRE
PARTY IN THE REICHSTAG.

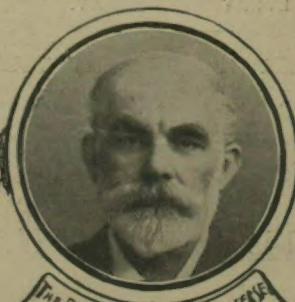
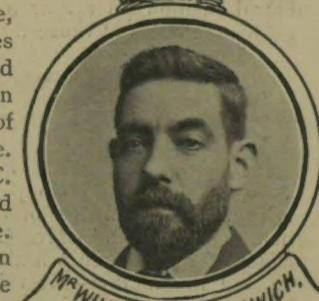
Year.	CENTRE.	SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC	
		Members.	Members and Votes polled.
1887	101	11	763,128
1890	117	35	1,427,323
1893	96	44	1,786,738
1898	103	56	2,107,076
1903	100	82	3,010,771

Just as the number of our Labour M.P.s has risen in answer to the Taff Vale decision, so the German Social Democrats got their fillip from the repressive policy initiated by Bismarck. The latter growth of Social Democracy is due to the antagonism of the German workman to the Protection which has raised the price of his food, and it is reasonable to infer that a reversion to Protection in this country will be followed by a similar increase in our Labour Party. The attitude of German labour to Protection was clearly shown at the Bremen Congress in 1904, when, on Bebel's motion, Max Schipper Free Trade or resign.

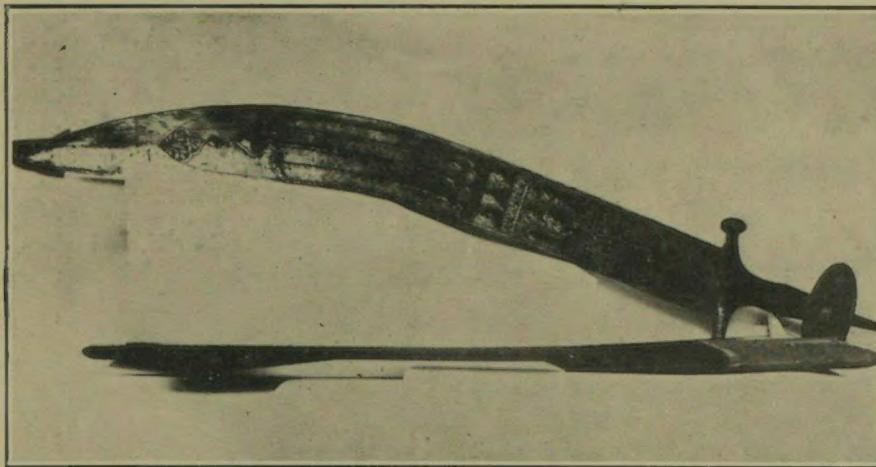
was ordered to support Twenty-one members to no Socialist body. At the same time, twelve M.P.s supported by the Labour Representation Committee, although not openly Collectivist, have pledged themselves with their Socialist comrades to attack "monopoly and the burdens which the non-producing sections impose on the industrious classes," and to work for the provision of free meals for school-children at the public expense. They also, it is to be presumed, acquiesce in the L.R.C. leaflets which advocate Nationalisation of Railways and other benevolent planks in the Socialist programme. Labour, as we see, covers a multitude of schemes. An illuminating paragraph in *Reynolds's Newspaper*, the "Pilgrim's Progress" of the working-man, may be quoted in this connection—

It was only by hiding their Socialism, and running under the Trade Union banner, that members of the Independent Labour Party have not only been elected, but have had their expenses and salaries paid. The Social Democratic Federation have been honest, but they have come to grief, England being the home of compromise.

It has taken twenty-two years for Labour to awake to power. But the awakening has been complete.—J. M. G.

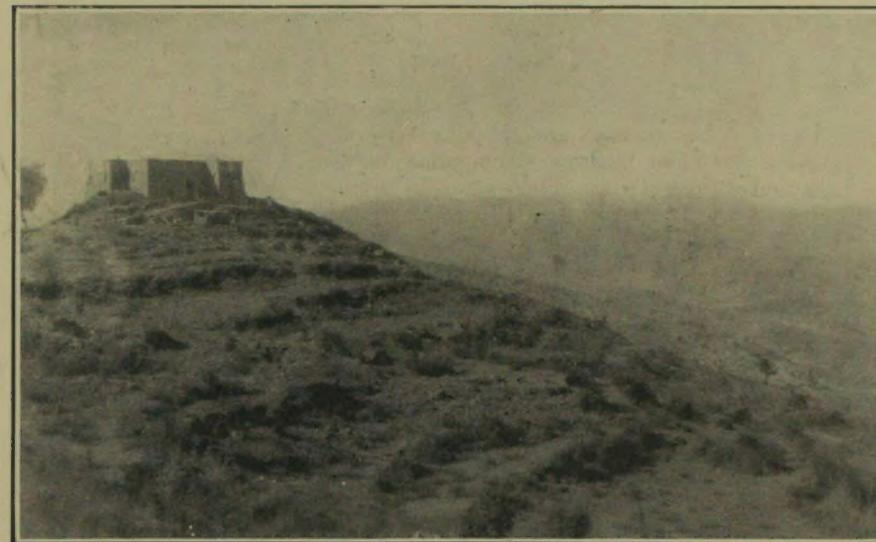
MERTHYR JOHN BURNS, BRIXTON
PRES. LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARDMR. WILL CROOKS, WOOLWICH
COOPER, L.C.C.MR. J. R. MACDONALD, LEICESTER
CLERK, JOURNALIST

LEAVES FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK.



AN EXECUTIONER'S SWORD FROM LASSA.

This curious instrument of justice originally belonged to a Tibetan executioner. It is to be exhibited soon in this country. Curiously ornate executioners' swords are not peculiar to the East, and many fine examples exist in German museums.



AN INDIAN FRONTIER POST RECENTLY ATTACKED: CRAG PICKET.

At eight o'clock on the night of December 2, Crag Picket, an outpost of Fort Lockhart, near Samana, on the North-West Frontier of India, was attacked by about 50 Pathans. Their object was to seize rifles and ammunition. The Pathans were beaten off about one in the morning. Four Sepoys of the 67th Punjabis were wounded.



WOLVES BETRAYED BY THE RECENT COLD AT ROME.

Some wolves, driven from the open country by the cold, have been seen on the outskirts of Rome. The two here photographed were shot by shepherds near the church of St. Paul, and were carried home in triumph as shown in the illustration.

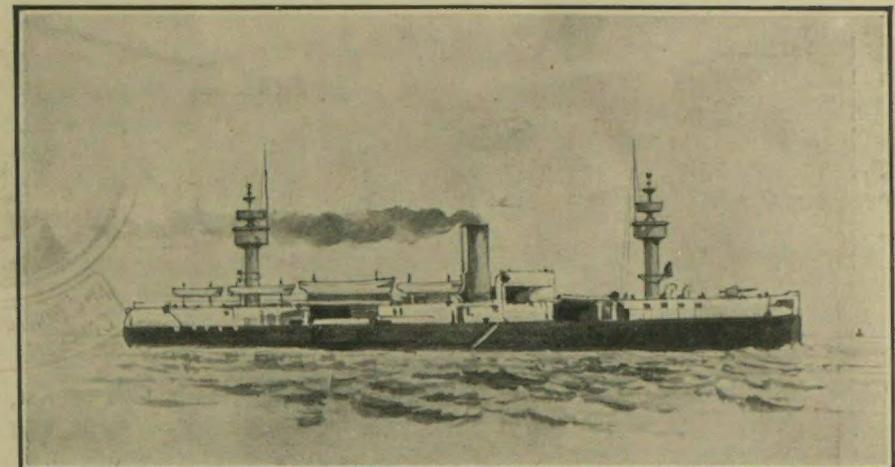


THE CONFERENCE-ROOM AT ALGECIRAS.

THE SCENE OF THE ALGECIRAS CONFERENCE, AND A VENERABLE MOROCCAN REPRESENTATIVE.

STEREOGRAPHS COPYRIGHT UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, LONDON AND NEW YORK.

But for the General Election, this country would have watched the Algeciras Conference with very great interest, in the light of Bismarck's prophecy that the next great European war would arise out of the Moorish question. The delegates are not without hope that the Conference may end without a serious collision with Germany, whose designs on the coast of Mogador are no secret.



LOST WITH THREE REAR-ADMIRALS: THE "AQUIDABAN."

On January 22 the Brazilian battle-ship "Aquadaban," of 5000 tons, was blown up at Jacarepagna, south of Rio Janeiro. With her 200 men and three Rear-Admirals perished. She was at the time escorting the Minister of Marine. She was built at Poplar, and carried Elswick armament.



PETROL SUPERSEDES ARTILLERY HORSES: AUTOMOBILE HOWITZER TRAIN.

The French firm of Schneider has built for the Portuguese army a four-cylinder motor to haul a train of four quick-firing howitzers. It weighs seven tons, carries 40 gallons of petrol, and pulls the 15-ton train at a speed of 3½ miles an hour. It is intended for the Lisbon defences.

Our photograph was taken while the train was en route for the Portuguese capital.

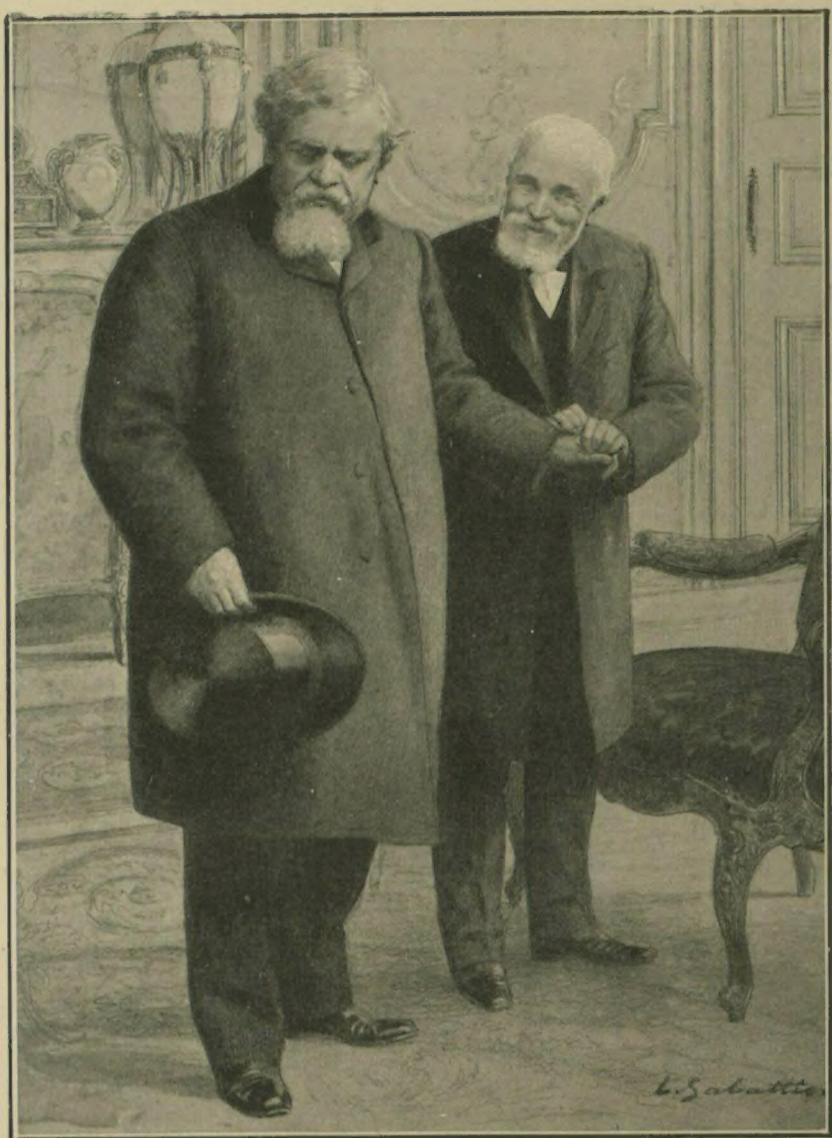


THE TRAMWAY MISHAP AT LIVERPOOL: THE OVERTURNED CAR.

On January 22 a tramway car conveying workpeople from the Wavertree district to the centre of Liverpool became unmanageable on the steep incline of Hardman Street and Luce Street. At a bend of the rails it was overturned, and thirty people were injured.



SID MOHAMMED TORRES, THE SULTAN'S OLDEST HIGH OFFICIAL.



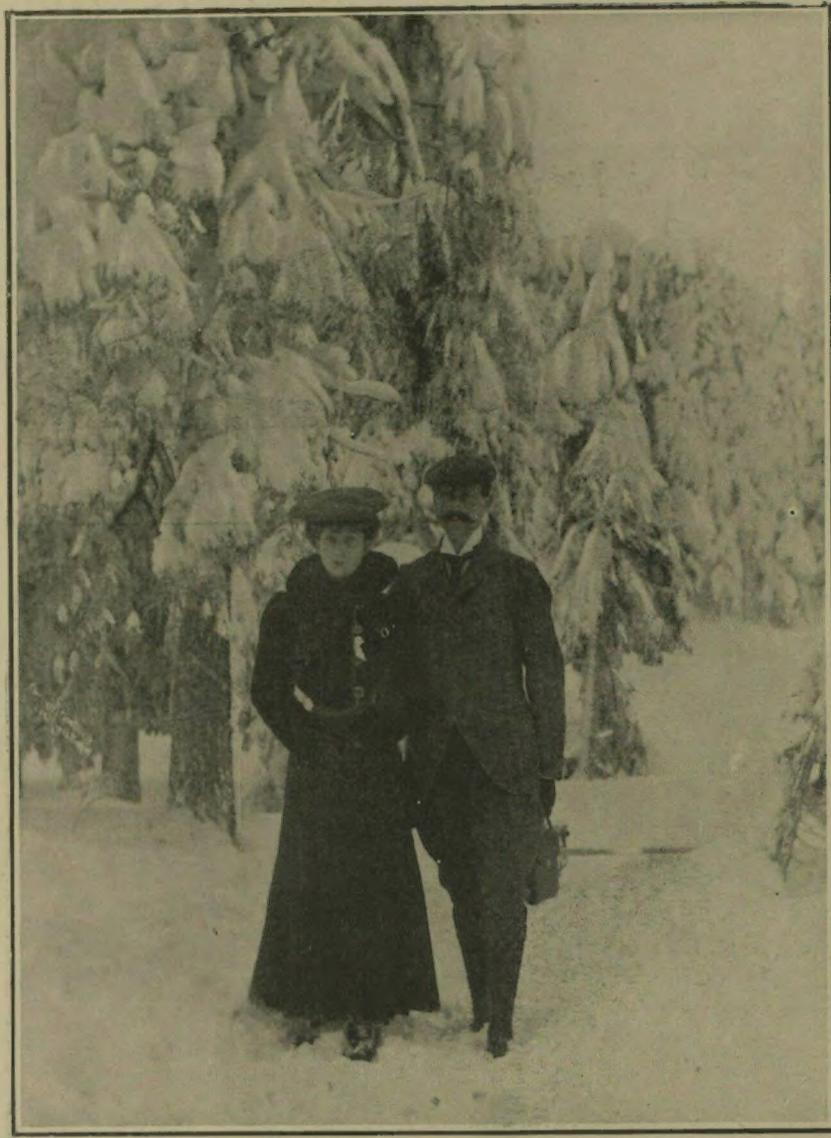
M. Fallières.

M. Loubet.

[Drawn by L. Sabattier]

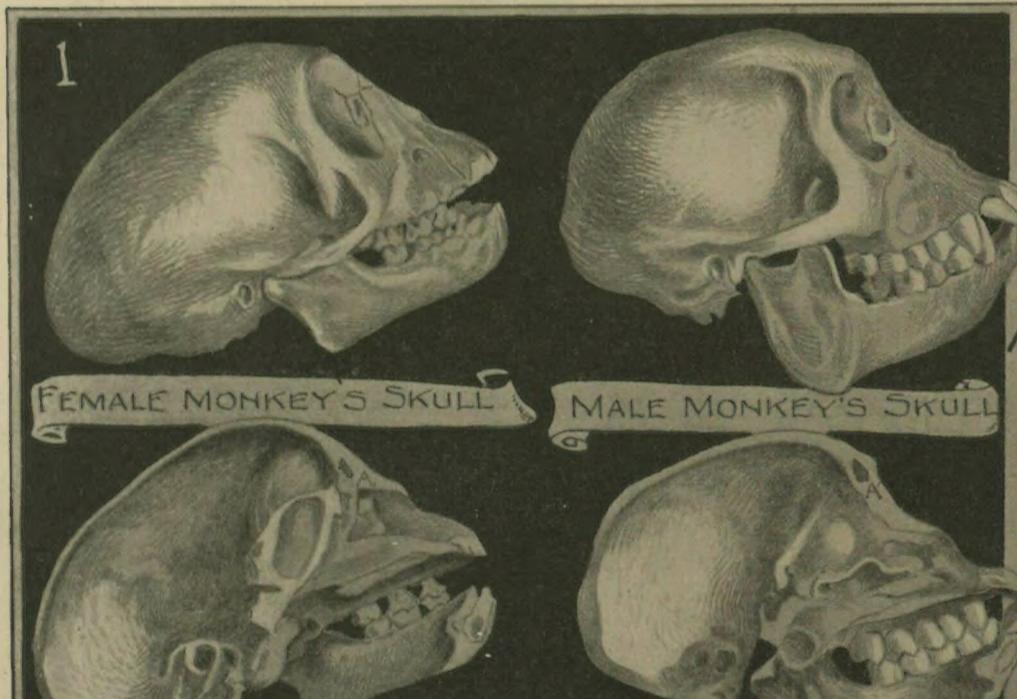
THE OLD GUARDIAN OF THE "ENTENTE CORDIALE" CONGRATULATES THE NEW: M. LOUBET AND M. FALLIÈRES.

After his election M. Fallières visited M. Loubet at the Elysée, and received the congratulations of the retiring President.

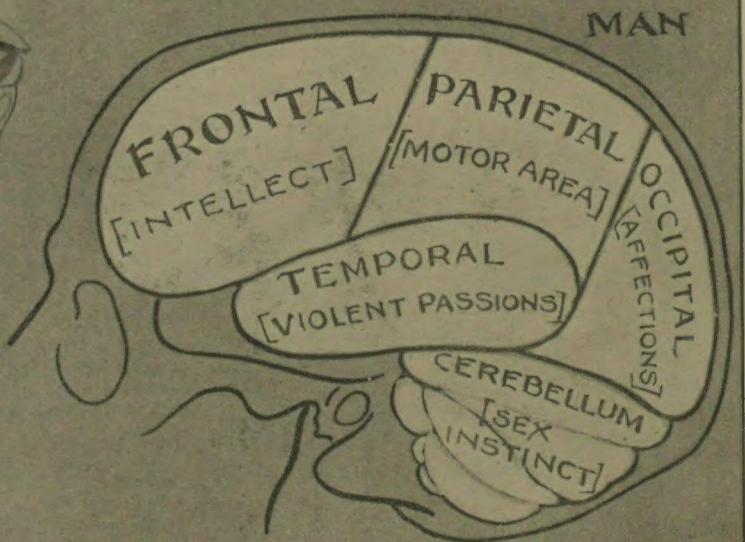
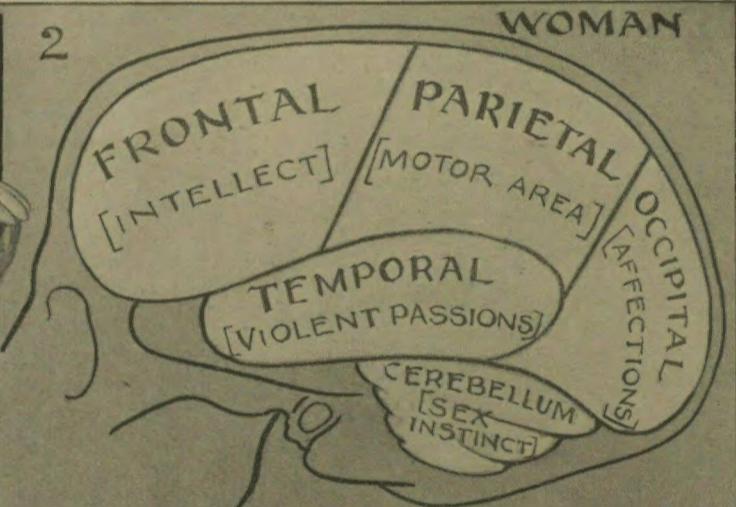
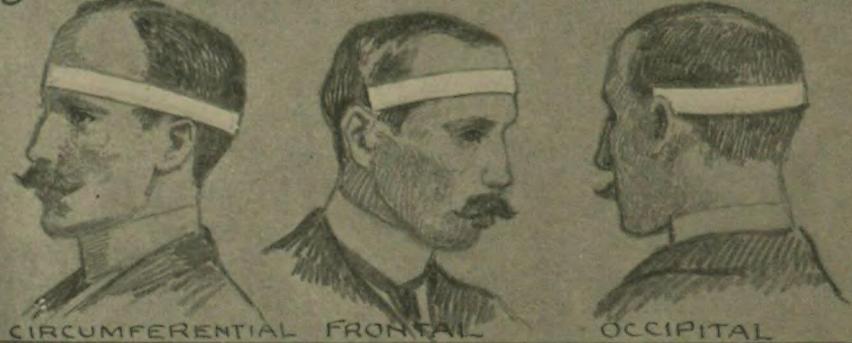


A KING AND QUEEN OF SNOWS: KING HAAKON AND QUEEN MAUD OF NORWAY IN THEIR PARK AT CHRISTIANIA.

The new monarch and his consort delight in an out-of-door life, and even the rigours of a Norwegian winter cannot chill their enthusiasm for exercise.



3 CRANIAL MEASUREMENTS



A. HUGH FISHER.

THE BRAIN OF WOMAN AS COMPARED WITH THAT OF MAN: RESEARCHES IN THE NEW PHRENOLOGY.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY DR. BERNARD HOLLANDER.

1. The distinction of sex is more marked in animals than in mankind. The sections show that it is the actual brain and not thickness of bone that makes the difference. As a matter of fact, the skull is thicker always in the case of the male. One may also note that the frontal sinus A is smaller in the female than in the male A. The female skull is generally more long-headed, as in this example.
2. Diagrams of two average brains, showing that in a normal woman's brain the Occipital lobe covers the cerebellum much more than in man. The affections are stronger in woman.
3. Cranial Measurements.—Circumferential: average in women one inch less than in men. Frontal (over eyebrows): average woman, less; educated woman, equal to or in some cases above male average. Occipital or Posterior: average in women longer than in men.

Dr. Bernard Hollander, who has been attempting to revive phrenology on a scientific basis, concludes from his investigations that the average brains of men and women are not superior or inferior one to the other, but have essential differences, the chief of which is the larger size in women of the Occipital lobe, or region of the affections. Also that education tends to increase the size of the frontal lobes, and that as long as the intellect is being actively exercised there will be a tendency for the frontal lobes to develop.

THEIR FIRST TIME IN PARLIAMENT.



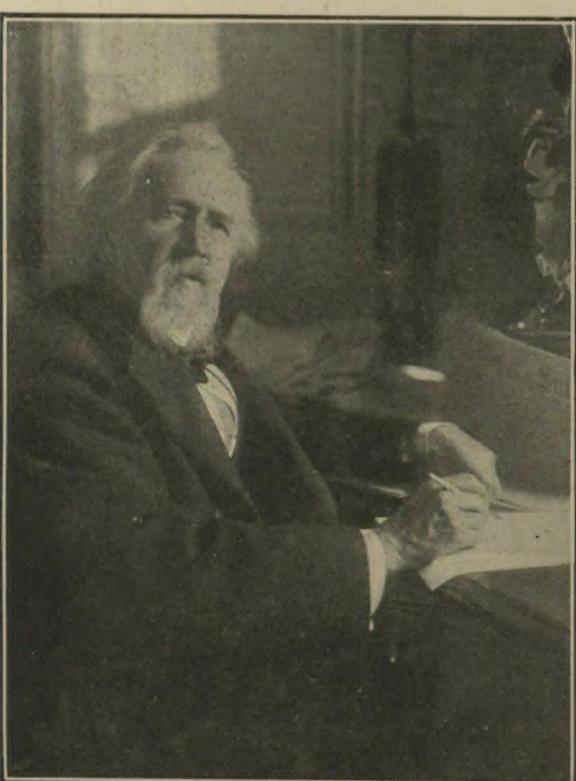
THE WORLD'S NEWS.

Election Notabilia.

The monotony of the Liberal success would have robbed the election of all interest when it had half run its course, had it not been for the excitement which arose from watching the fate of ex-Ministers and of prominent Unionists. There was a new curiosity, too, in observing the progress of the Labour vote, which has for the first time asserted the power given to it more than twenty years ago by Mr. Gladstone's Franchise Bill. The high tide of interest was, of course, the Birmingham election, upon which the country had had

time to speculate, as it had not in the case of Manchester; but, in spite of the hopes of ardent Liberals, Mr. Chamberlain's stronghold did not betray its governor. The Western Division returned the Apostle of Protection by a majority of 5079 against his last majority of 4278. The other six seats of the city were no less loyal, although the faithful Jesse was returned for Bordesley by a slightly reduced majority. As an offset to this triumph came the unanimous pronouncement of Glasgow, a city which ought to know something of the principles of commerce, in favour of Free Trade. Its verdict is the more significant that for two of its divisions it returned Unionist Free Traders. In four of the Glasgow constituencies there was a Liberal gain, and in one a gain for Labour. At Liverpool there were two Liberal gains; but in the other six constituencies there was no change. Liverpool's Chamberlainism, again, is a curious contrast to Glasgow's declaration. Ex-Ministers were singularly unfortunate. Contrary to all expectation, Mr. Brodrick and Mr. Chaplin were not returned. Sir Robert Finlay was defeated at Inverness, and by his side fell Mr. W. Long, Mr. Lyttelton, Mr. Gerald Balfour, Mr. Fellowes, Sir Savile Crossley, Mr. Pretzman, Mr. Bonar Law, and Lord Stanley. On the other hand, Mr. Akers Douglas, Earl Percy, Mr. Arnold Forster, Colonel Lockwood, and Mr. Austen Chamberlain were re-elected. St. Andrews and the Ayr Burghs returned to their Unionist allegiance, which they had deserted at bye-elections, and the Barkston Ash division of Yorkshire followed suit. In the last-named constituency the Liberal majority of 300 recorded last October was turned into a Unionist advantage of over 600, but these successes could do nothing more than encourage Unionists with the thought that they might live to fight another day. At the time of writing, the Ministerial party, including Nationalists and Labour members, numbers 406, against an Opposition of 123.

The Progress of the Conference. When skilled fencers are engaged in the salute, spectators are moved to admiration; there is so much to admire in the grace and agility of their movements. Diplomats are not unlike fencers, and the meeting at Algeciras has



THE LATE G. J. HOLYOAKE.
Veteran Reformer.

been, down to the present, concerned for the most part with preliminary courtesies. Charming speeches of welcome have been made, messages of congratulation, more or less called for, have been sent to Madrid, and a few of the minor points that concern Morocco's trade in contraband have been settled without dispute.



Photo. Rot.

MR. WALTER WELMANN.

To Attempt to Reach the Pole by Balloon.

So far, so good. We could have expected no less, and it is well that these preliminaries should take up some time, if only that the British public may be prepared, elections over, to give its serious hearing to what must follow. Yet a few more meetings, and the preliminary courtesies will have served their purpose. The controversial points will begin to raise their ugly heads, and we shall see how far Herr Radowitz and Count Tattenbach are instructed to venture in pursuit of German ambitions. It is well, of course, that nothing but courtesy should have been exhibited down to the present, but, on the other hand, we cannot forget that there has been no occasion for any bitter feeling to be manifested. It is well at a time like this to regard the growing power of Labour with careful attention. The labouring man, who seems to be coming into his kingdom in England, and is fighting bravely for it in Germany and in France, is like to prove averse from any breach of the peace that the Morocco Conference may engender, and the unruly millions of Germany's Social Democracy may well give their nominal masters pause. There is more reason to be hopeful about the Conference than there has been for some time past, but that hope

his life to the cause of the people, and earned considerable fame in the various *rôles* of publicist, advocate of co-operation, and agitator. Mr. Holyoake, who was born at Birmingham of artisan parents, began his working career in an iron foundry, there developed a desire to witness the betterment of his class, and later, adopting the views of Robert Owen, became one of the lecturers selected to expound the Socialist's ideas. For co-operation he did much, and it is largely owing to his efforts that the system stands where it does. In his early days the proclamation of his unorthodox principles brought him six months' imprisonment, but this did not deter him from repeating his views immediately he was released. Not long after this he migrated to London, and the office from which he issued his "advanced" literature soon became a rendezvous for sympathetic agitators. All his life he fought for freedom—chiefly under three heads, freedom of speech, of opinion, and of the Press—and he was also the founder of Secularism, a strenuous fighter against the newspaper stamp, chairman of the committee by whose representations the railways were relieved of passenger duty in the case of third-class passengers, and instrumental in causing the issue of the People's Blue-Books. Mr. Holyoake thrice essayed to enter Parliament—in 1857 in the Tower Hamlets division, in 1868 in Birmingham, and in 1884 in Leicester. He edited thirty volumes of the *Reasoner*, and published, among other works, a "History of Co-operation in England," "Self-Help One Hundred Years Ago," "Sixty Years of an Agitator's Life," and "Things Worth Remembering." He married his first wife in 1839; his second in 1885.

Mr. Walter Welmann, greatly daring, is to attempt to reach the North Pole by balloon, an adventurous undertaking in view of André's fate. It is Mr. Welmann's belief that he will attain his object within a week of launching his air-ship at Spitzbergen.



A STOLEN MADONNA RETURNED BY THE THIEVES.
The Madonna by Lippo Memmi, stolen from the Servite Church at Siena, was, after a few days, returned by the thieves.

is not founded upon recent events at Algeciras. As soon as the salutes are over, we shall have lunge and parry, straight thrust, cut, feint, riposte, remise, and all the other work of the skilled fencer.

The Anniversary of
Vladimir's Day.

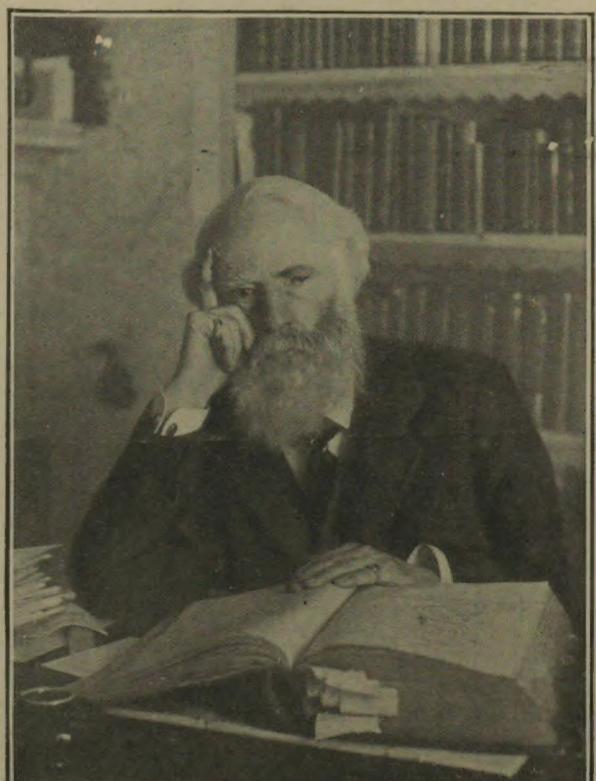
Jan. 22, the first anniversary of Vladimir's Day, passed in St. Petersburg without tumult. Most of the factories were closed, and few people appeared in the streets. The authorities had the city patrolled all day by Cossacks, who dispersed a procession of a thousand workmen on its way to the Mitrofan Cemetery, where the victims of "Red Sunday" were buried. The day was bitterly cold, with driving showers of snow, and the troopers, muffled to the eyes, presented a strange spectacle as they dashed to and fro along the principal thoroughfares. As a mark of respect for the dead, the Constitutional Democratic Congress suspended its sittings, and no evening papers appeared. The *Gazeta*, which dared to appear with black borders, was confiscated, and the other journals were closely watched to prevent their exhibiting any signs of mourning. Moscow also was quiet; but in Warsaw

Our Portraits.

Sir Mountstuart Elphinstone Grant-Duff aspired to be the Pepys of his day, as witness his well-known "Notes from a Diary"; but to "prattle on paper" was by no means his sole desire. Rather, would he figure in political life, and as far back as 1857 he entered the House of Commons, there to begin a public career that saw him for twenty-four years member for the Elgin Burghs, for five years Governor of Madras, Under-Secretary of State for India, and Under-Secretary for the Colonies, but did not bring him exceptional success as a Parliamentarian. He held also, at various times, the position of member of the Senate of the University of London, President of the Royal Geographical and the Royal Historical Societies, and Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen. His published works include, in addition to the Diaries, "Studies in European Politics," "Notes of an Indian Journey," "Ernest Renan," "Out of the Past," and a "Victorian Anthology" that evoked considerable criticism.

Law, journalism, and playwriting, all claimed Herman Merivale, who died on the 14th of the month, but it was as dramatist that he was best known. As lawyer, he joined the Western Circuit immediately after he was called to the Bar in 1864, at the age of twenty-five, practised at the Exeter Sessions, and then won for himself a considerable position on the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council; as journalist he edited the "Annual Register," and contributed to numerous newspapers and magazines, including "All the Year Round," under Charles Dickens. As playwright, he was most prolific, the author of works too numerous to be detailed. Amongst his productions for the stage must be mentioned "All for Her," "The Cynic," "Ravenswood," presented by Henry Irving, "Fédora," and "The Butler," the last written in collaboration with his wife. Mr. Merivale was the only son of the late Herman Merivale, Permanent Under-Secretary of State for India and the Colonies, and was educated at Harrow and at Balliol College, Oxford, where he took a first-class in Moderations, and a second in the final classical school.

George Jacob Holyoake, who died on the 22nd of the month at the advanced age of eighty-nine, devoted



THE LATE SIR MOUNTSTUART GRANT-DUFF.
Diarist and Politician.

the left wing of Count Maurice Zamyski's palace was wrecked by an explosion. At first this was thought to have been the work of Anarchists, but it was afterwards found to have been due to an escape of gas. Count Maurice is the head of the National Democratic Party.

THEIR FIRST TIME IN PARLIAMENT.



FIFTY-FIVE MEMBERS NEW TO ST. STEPHEN'S.

A LINK OF MEMORY.

By OWEN OLIVER.

Illustrated by R. CATON WOODVILLE.

"IT is a simple operation," said Steel of the R.A.M.C., cutting with his finger on his knee. "A trifling incision in the skull; the removal of a splinter of bone; and Carruthers recovers the lost month's memory."

D'Arcy dropped his cigar on the rug, and walked out of the mess. The Adjutant looked at me, and I looked at the Second in Command, and the Second in Command looked at the Colonel. The Colonel picked up the burning cigar and flung it out on the verandah, and stamped on the smouldering rug savagely.

"I always warned him he'd burn his fingers," he growled, with a meaning glance at the rest of us.

"Are you sure that he has burnt them?" Steel inquired. He was new to the station.

The Colonel looked at the Second in Command, and the Second in Command looked at the Adjutant, and the Adjutant looked at me; and I nudged Steel with my elbow; and Steel tried to get away from the subject of burnt fingers, and went into the fire.

"To return to brains," he observed. "There was a case in the 2nd Royal Rushers in the Soudan when I was a youngster. A sub had a blow on the head, like Carruthers; only it was a nigger's club, instead of a fall from a polo pony. Newland his name was. He went into the Pay Department afterwards. A nice chap, but took things too seriously. Something like Carruthers. He forgot everything that had happened during a few weeks before the injury—like Carruthers. Holbrook operated on him—as I'm going to operate on Carruthers. When the boy came round from the chloroform the first thing he said was, 'By Jove! Mason owes me a tenner.' Which shows that a memory is a blessing."

The Colonel paused, with his glass half-way to his mouth, and grunted.

"On the other hand," he remarked, looking hard at Steel under his big grey eyebrows, "he might have remembered that he owed somebody—something. You want to know what's in a man's memory before you meddle with it."

Steel looked under his eyebrows too, and whistled softly, and made dissections with his fingers again—strokes and pokes, and a nasty wriggle at the finish.

"You mean that Carruthers' memory would be a doubtful blessing to others?" he suggested.

"There's no doubt about it," the Second in Command stated. "You're a sensible chap, Steel. Leave it alone."

Steel considered with his chin on his hand, and shook his head slowly.

"I'm a doctor," he explained. "A fellow comes to me to be mended. It's my business to mend him. I don't ask whether he'd be better without a leg, or safer with a broken arm, or do less mischief dead! I cure him."

"Would you cure a man for the gallows?" the Adjutant inquired. Steel performed more operations with his finger on his knee. He was the cleverest surgeon in the Presidency, and they said he thought with his fingers.

"Certainly," he said, "if he came to me to be cured."

"Did Carruthers come to you to be cured?" I asked.

"Well, I went to him rather. I was lunching there to-day. I talked to him about it."

"And to Mrs. Carruthers?"

"And to Mrs. Carruthers, of course. Nice little woman. . . . She's more excited about it than he is. In fact, she seemed quite overcome by the prospect. . . . One has to consider *her*, you know."

"We are considering her, I believe." The Colonel nodded gravely at us, and we nodded gravely in turn.

The Colonel leaned forward and shook his bony forefinger.

"Look here, Steel," he said, "you're a confounded Sawbones, and probing into our confounded carcasses is your confounded business; but you're a man. Take a straight tip, and leave well alone."

Steel set his mouth obstinately.

"It isn't 'well' from a professional point of view," he insisted, "and I can't leave it alone. Don't you see, Colonel, it wouldn't be professional. If a man comes to me and says, 'Cure me,' I can't say, 'You don't want to be cured.' . . .

I've told Carruthers I can restore the lost link of memory by a simple operation. . . . It isn't just a month's memory that he's lost. It's a link with what went before and came after. It's joining the chain of his life. Whether he'll have it joined or not is his business."

"No," the Colonel contradicted, "it isn't. It's hers."

Steel mixed a long drink carefully.

"I gather," he observed, "there's a story about her? Something that she did, and doesn't want him to know?"

"I don't know if she did," the Colonel said, "but he thought so. . . . No, she doesn't want him to know."

"The usual sort of thing?"

"The usual sort of thing—if it *was* anything. . . . I don't say she wasn't to blame, mind. But a pretty woman is a pretty woman; and India's India; and, dash it all, Sir! she wasn't any worse than the rest anyhow. If there *was* anything, she's wiped it out."

"Clean out," said the Second in Command emphatically.

"It's a good thing to have a wipe-out occasionally," the Adjutant remarked thoughtfully. "There was a boy came before the Colonel six months ago. A good drill, and a good soldier, and a good lad in his way, but always in some mischief. 'Why don't you make a fresh start, you young fool?' the Colonel asked him. 'Can't get a fresh start, Sir,' he said. 'There's too much against me on the slate. That's where it is.' Well, the Colonel wiped the slate—broke all the regulations." The Colonel grunted. "Now he's a sergeant."

"There's something on most of our slates, Steel," I reminded him.

"I suppose it's D'Arcy," Steel suggested, "on Mrs. Carruthers' slate?"

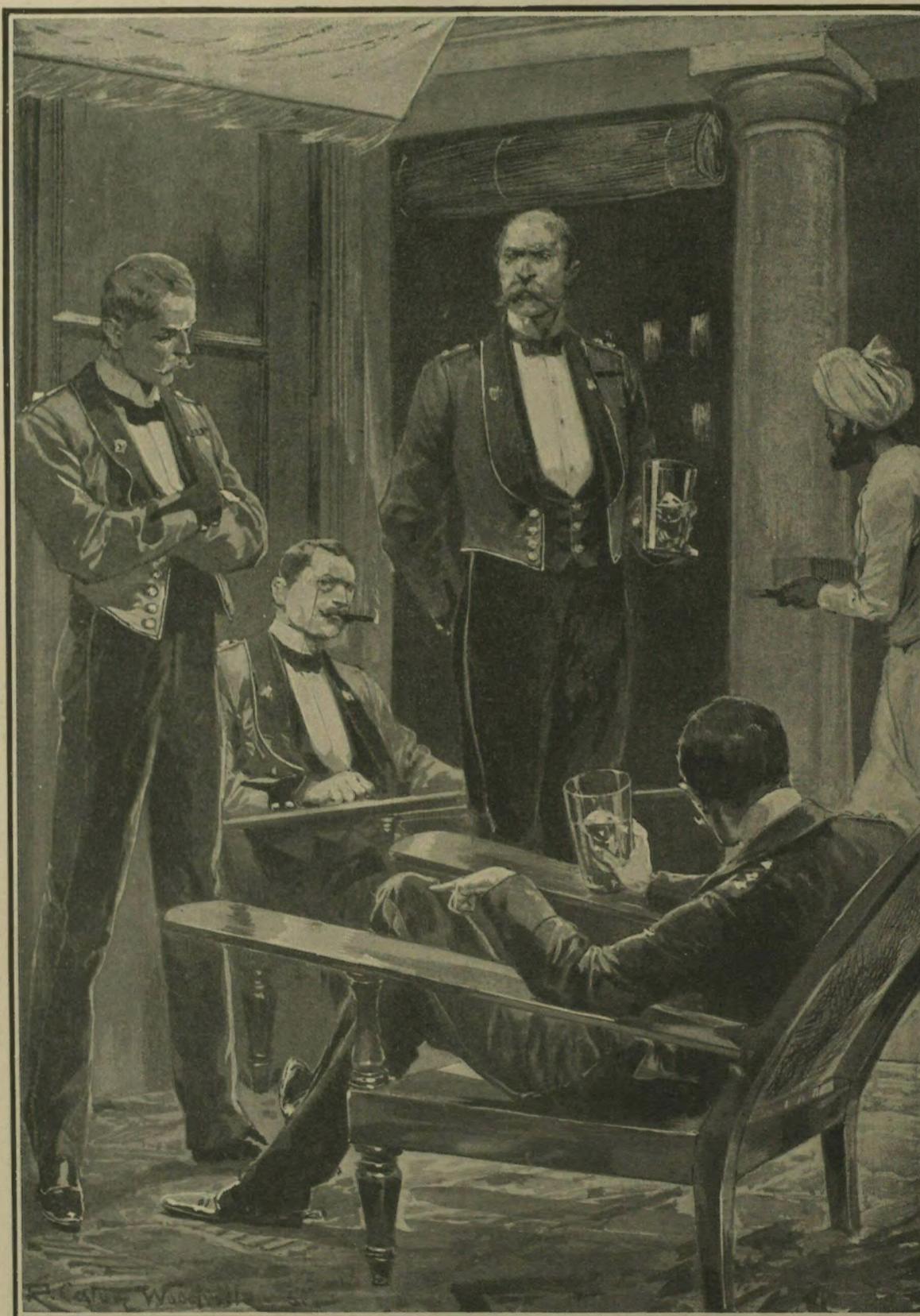
"It was D'Arcy," I qualified. "There's been nothing since. He and Carruthers were chums, which made it worse, if

there was anything; but I daresay it wasn't so bad as it seemed to Carruthers, when he found out."

"What did he find out?"

"No one knows exactly—unless it's the Colonel."

"No." The Colonel shook his head. "I don't. Probably he made more of it than some men would. You see, she'd never broken him in to that sort of thing. She wasn't a flirting woman. She was away at the time, luckily, or I won't answer for what he'd have done. D'Arcy swore there was no real harm in it; but, of course, he was bound to say so. Anyhow, I never saw anything."



"I always warned him he'd burn his fingers."

"Day-nursed him and night-nursed him," said the Second in Command, "in the infernally hottest of the infernally hot weather. . . . Used to faint half-a-dozen times a day towards the end of it. She pulled him through, not the doctors."

"Ah!" said Steel. "Good nurse, eh? Then we owe her something—it would be a sort of recompense to give him back his memory completely."

"A sort of recompense!" The Adjutant jerked out the words with a queer gulp. He was younger than the rest of us, and took things to heart. "You won't let him do it, Sir."

THE SECOND CITY IN THE EMPIRE DECLARES FOR FREE TRADE.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT GLASGOW.



THE DECLARATION OF THE ELECTION RESULTS IN GEORGE SQUARE, GLASGOW, AND SCENES OF THE POLLING.

No less remarkable than Manchester was the declaration of Glasgow in favour of Free Trade. All the constituencies returned a Liberal, except Camlachie, where a Conservative Free Trader won. In each of the other six seats a Liberal gain was recorded.

"When did Carruthers find out; and how?"

"He found out half-an-hour before the polo match with the Red Hussars—the final in the Cup. He and D'Arcy were both in it. Just before the finish, when the match was safe—they'd both played like madmen—he rode straight into D'Arcy. They both came a cropper. Carruthers was hurt. D'Arcy wasn't, though he broke his pony's neck. He told me he wished it was his own. I told him I wished so too. He's a good boy, too—one of the best officers I ever knew, and as plucky as they make them; but he must go philandering like a fool, confound him! I've no patience with such idiocy."

"We've all done it," the Second in Command observed. "I remember in '78—at Barbadoes." He glanced at the Colonel, and the Colonel smiled grimly.

"One fool is no excuse for another fool; but we were all young once. . . . A pretty woman's a pretty woman, and a man's a man."

"And Carruthers' memory is Carruthers' memory," added Steel stubbornly.

"And your memory is your memory," I told him pointedly; "and other people have memories, too."

"Especially at Simla," said the Adjutant. Steel had exchanged from there; and everyone said that it was a woman; a woman being the sufficient reason for all things.

"Some people remember things that didn't happen," said Steel, frowning and operating furiously with his finger on the little table.

"Exactly," I agreed. "I daresay Carruthers would. Whatever it was he'd think it was something worse. . . . Myself, I don't believe it was anything but a common or garden flirtation."

"Anyhow," the Adjutant protested, "it wouldn't do him any good to hear of it."

"I can't make out how he hasn't heard of it already," said Steel. "I don't mean from you fellows, but from the women. They don't mean any harm, bless them! But they can't help being news agencies. They're made so."

"It hasn't got to the women," said the Colonel grimly, "and if it did—Well, the husband of the first one that speaks about it can send in his papers. Even if it did get to them, I think most of them wouldn't tell, under the circumstances. You mustn't do it, Steel. It wouldn't be cricket."

"I keep my own conscience," Steel asserted. "A man's memory is his own."

"His isn't," the Second in Command contradicted. "If it hadn't been for her he wouldn't have any memory. He'd be dead."

"And she'd be Mrs. D'Arcy," said the Adjutant; "and if his memory is right—the memory that he hasn't—she wanted him pretty badly. A woman can't help liking a man, any more than a man can help liking a woman; and they feel it more. You mustn't do it, Steel."

"No," I agreed. "You really mustn't. You may talk about your professional duty; but there's your duty as a man to consider."

"I don't want anyone to tell me my duty," Steel snapped, "professional or otherwise. I know it; and I'm going to do it."

"Do it, and be hanged to you, Sir!" said the Colonel.

There was an oppressive silence, till a step on the verandah interrupted it, and Carruthers walked in, with his usual long, swaying stride, and his usual cheerful laugh. He was a big, good-humoured, good-looking fellow; the next best officer to D'Arcy, and next to him the favourite of the battalion. If he had a fault it was that he was a trifle pig-headed. When he once fancied a thing, right or wrong, you couldn't get it out of his head.

"Good evening, Sir," he said. "Good evening, boys. Hulloa, old Pills. You here!"

"Good evening, my dear fellow," said the Colonel, with unusual demonstration.

"Good evening, old chap," said the Second in Command, the Adjutant, and I.

Steel said nothing; and there was no sound except for the *poof-poof* of the punkah.

"Talk of angels!" said the Colonel at length. "We were just speaking of you—and Mrs. Carruthers." He turned away to look for the matches; and found them at last in front of him.

"I disclaim the compliment for myself," said Carruthers, settling himself in a lounge. "I'll pass it on to the good lady."

"Hope she's well to-night?" the Adjutant inquired. He had a boyish affection for Mrs. Carruthers, who had helped him through his chequered courting.

"So-so. There's nothing the matter really; but she's gone to bed with a bad headache, poor little beggar. She's upset over the operation, of course. I suppose Steel's told you about it?"

"Yes," I said. "He's told us about it. Do you think it's worth while, old man? What's the good of

a month's memory to you. There are several months I could do without, anyhow."

"I don't suppose I miss it much," Carruthers agreed, thoughtfully; "only—it seems to break things up, you know. It's a link out of the chain, as Steel put it."

"Thank your lucky stars that you've got any 'chain' at all, Carruthers," the Colonel said, "or rather thank—your wife."

Carruthers nodded slowly, and his face softened.

"Yes," he said simply.

"She'd be awfully upset if it knocked you up, you know," I reminded him.

"She had rather a bad time when you were laid up," the Colonel added, "a worse time, perhaps, than you know. 'Pon my word, I wouldn't, if I were you."

"Don't see any sense in it," the Second in Command snapped.

"Might remember you owed somebody something," the Adjutant suggested. "Rather a sell, you know."

"I prefer to pay my debts," Carruthers laughed and stretched his big arms. "If I owed somebody one I'd rather hear of it. Of course, I don't wish to frighten her, but she'd be glad afterwards. I don't want to talk rot, boys, but—it's the memory of *her* that I don't like a break in. How would it be, if I had it done without letting her know till afterwards? I could send for her

boys say it isn't worth while. . . . I don't suppose that a month of my memory is worth troubling about; only—it seems as if it would join things together. I shouldn't hesitate myself; but there's my wife to consider, you see, old man."

"There is your wife to consider," D'Arcy agreed, flicking the ash off his cigar.

"I suppose it would distress her rather. You know her pretty well. What do you think?"

D'Arcy fingered his chin absently.

"I think," he said, "it would distress her very much."

"But she'd soon get over it, when she found I was all right, don't you think? I don't want to upset her, either. What would you do, if you were I?"

D'Arcy stretched himself a little more and blew a smoke-ring.

"If I were you, I should let *her* decide," he pronounced.

"I think so too," said the Colonel abruptly; and the rest of us echoed his words, except Steel. He was performing an imaginary operation with his finger on the arm of the chair.

"I offered to let *her* decide," Carruthers explained, "but she wouldn't; and I don't think it's quite fair to make her. You see, she'd always be uneasy about it, if she persuaded me not to. She doesn't like the idea

of the operation, but she feels that I've a right to get my memory back if I want it. I suppose she'll blame herself anyhow, poor old girl, for, if I decide not to, she'll think it was on her account."

"Then," said D'Arcy, "why not let the Colonel decide?"

He looked at the Colonel, and the Colonel looked at him.

"Or the Doctor?" Carruthers suggested. "She said the Doctor, because he is a doctor, and because he wouldn't be prejudiced like the people who've known us a long time. Look here, D'Arcy, you're my oldest pal. What do you say to that?"

D'Arcy flicked the ash off his cigar again.

"If your wife says the Doctor," he answered in a clear, level voice, "I say the Doctor."

"The Doctor it is," said Carruthers gaily. The Colonel started to speak, but only made a clicking sound in his throat; the rest of us started to speak—and didn't. Carruthers looked at us all and smiled.

"You're chicken-hearted for me, when you wouldn't be for yourselves," he said, with a soft touch in his big voice. "Come, old Sawbones!" He patted Steel on the shoulder. "You won't be afraid to decide."

We all turned our eyes on Steel. He stopped his imaginary operation and sat upright in his chair, looking past Carruthers at D'Arcy.

"Professionally," he said, in a stiff, dry voice, "I can only tell you that there is no appreciable risk in the operation, and that I am confident of its success. There would be some little inconvenience, practically no pain. You would have to spend about a fortnight in bed."

"You mean, I should have it done?"

Steel pursed his lips.

"The decision whether you will have it done rests with you—or your wife, if you choose to leave it to her."

"I have left it to her," Carruthers pointed out, with a careless laugh. "She leaves it to you. You can't get out of it, old man."

Steel frowned, and reflected for an appreciable time.

"The point," he said at last, "is not one that I can decide professionally or unaided. In the first place, I have no sufficient knowledge of what your lost memory holds—whether good or bad, important or unimportant. Secondly, it isn't merely a question of whether the memories are good or bad. A man might prefer to remain ignorant of things that were good. He might prefer to know things that were bad. . . . This little piece of memory is a link in the chain of your life. I do not know if it is necessary to hold the chain together. . . . D'Arcy, he is your friend. You know what this link is worth if anyone does. Is there, to your knowledge, anything in his lost memory that he ought to have? Anything so serious that it should link his future life to his past life differently, if he rightly understood it?"

D'Arcy drew back his head suddenly and faced us in turn.

"On my honour," he said, "no!"

* * * * *

Carruthers took Steel off to prescribe for his wife's headache; and D'Arcy left soon after, shaking hands with each of us in silence. The rest of us smoked incessantly till the Colonel rose to go.

"There are others," he said, with a catch in his voice, "who would be glad to lose some links of memory; the links that they have misunderstood."

THE END.



"On my honour, no!"

and say it was all right. . . . I'd be sure to remember some little thing about her, to—to chaff her, you know. . . . What's the matter, Colonel?"

"Matter! That scoundrel at the punkah's gone to sleep," the Colonel roared. "Kick him, some of you lazy beggars!"

The head-waiter protested that the punkah had never stopped; though, of course, if the Colonel Sahib desired it, the low fellow who worked it should be kicked. The rest of us agreed that it hadn't stopped—or if it had, it had gone on again directly. So the Colonel decided that a warning to the punkah-boy would be sufficient. All the same, he declared, he felt as if he would like to kick somebody. He glared at Steel; and Steel glared at him. I poured whisky-and-soda on the troubled waters; but the Colonel was still muttering under his breath, and Steel was performing an imaginary operation viciously with his skinny, very white forefinger, when D'Arcy returned. He had lit another cigar, and evidently determined to see things out; but he flushed slightly when he noticed Carruthers.

"What's the row?" he inquired carelessly. "You look as if you were holding a Court-Martial."

"No," said the Colonel, looking hard at him. "It isn't a Court-Martial *ai present*. It's a Medical Board—on Carruthers' memory."

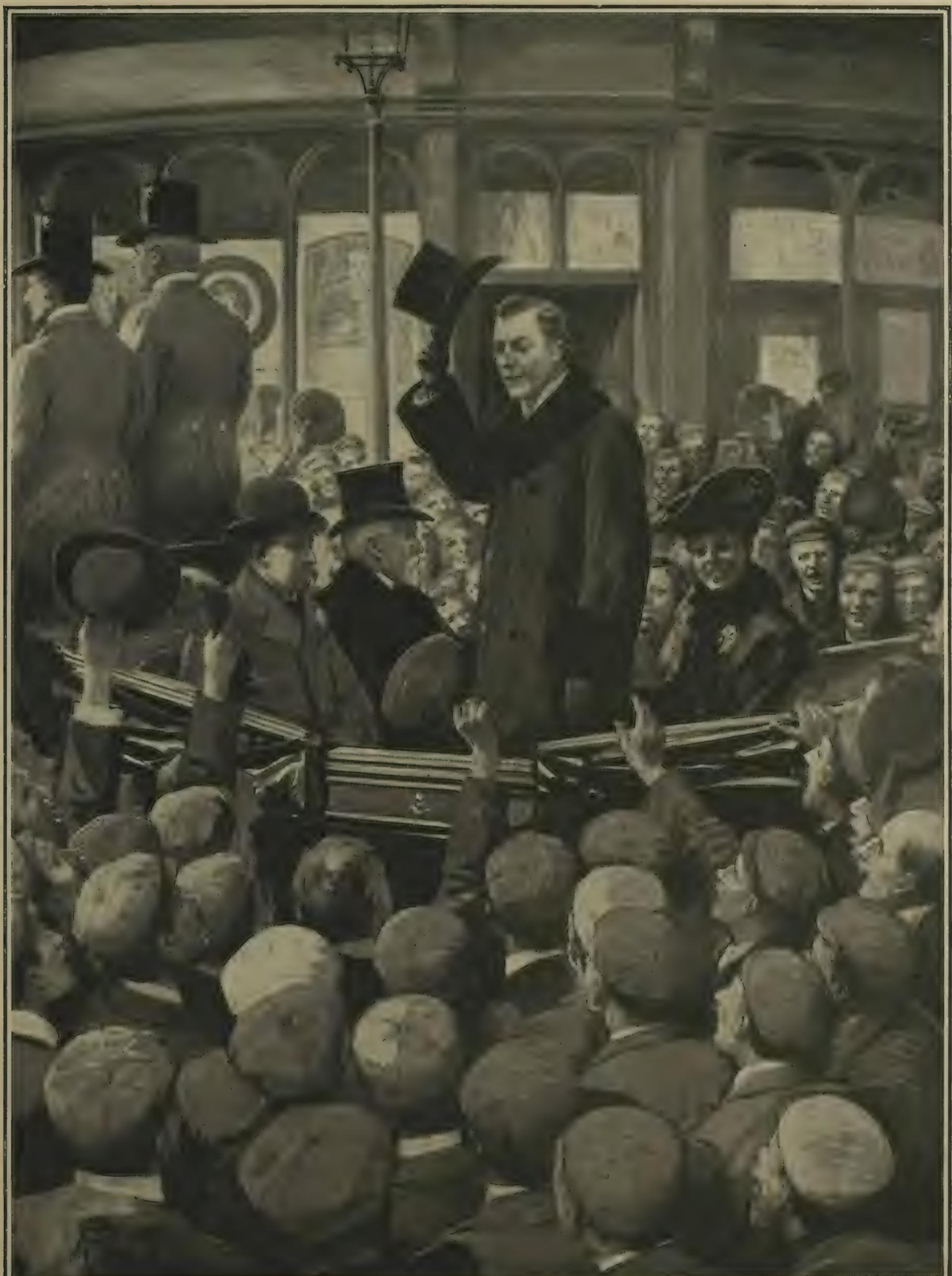
D'Arcy struck a match and held it to his cigar that was already alight, and sat down carefully and stretched himself in a big chair.

"Carruthers' memory," he repeated slowly.

"Steel says he can put me right by a simple operation," Carruthers explained. "The Colonel and the

MR. CHAMBERLAIN ON THE EVE OF VICTORY AT BIRMINGHAM.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT BIRMINGHAM.



Mr. Martineau.

Mr. Chamberlain.

Mrs. Chamberlain.

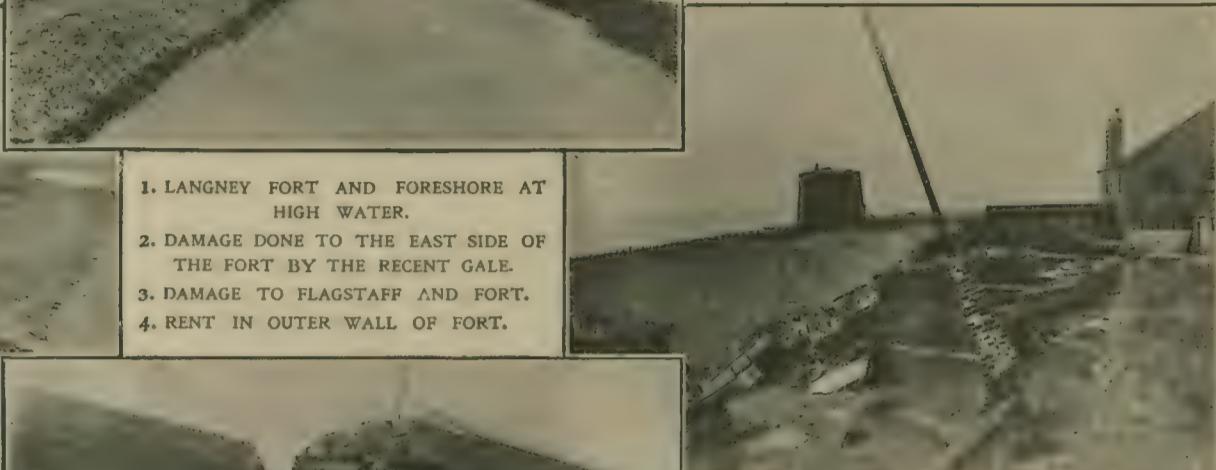
A PROPHET HONOURED IN HIS OWN COUNTRY: MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S RECEPTION AT HIS CENTRAL COMMITTEE-ROOMS DURING THE BIRMINGHAM ELECTION.

On the day of his victory in his own compound, Mr. Chamberlain drove through his constituency, and was most enthusiastically received by his supporters, who returned him by a majority of over five thousand. After the election was declared, Mr. Chamberlain did not appear, as he has been advised to go out at night as little as possible, but earlier in the day Birmingham cheered him in anticipation of the result.

DURING the last few years the sea has encroached rapidly upon the south coast at Langney Point, so much so that the Eastbourne Corporation, to protect their sewer outfall, decided to carry out sea-defence works estimated to cost £2000. As it was urgent that the work should be done with the least possible delay, they proceeded to carry out operations before obtaining the sanction of the Local Government Board to the loan. After a good portion of the groining was completed the War Department ordered the work



1. LANGNEY FORT AND FORESHORE AT HIGH WATER.
2. DAMAGE DONE TO THE EAST SIDE OF THE FORT BY THE RECENT GALE.
3. DAMAGE TO FLAGSTAFF AND FORT.
4. RENT IN OUTER WALL OF FORT.



to be stopped, contending that the foreshore was the property of the Crown, and the works contemplated would cause the sea to damage the property of the War Office. That property at Langney Point consists of the old martello tower and the old disused Langney Fort, which were greatly damaged previous to the commencement of the Corporation defence works. No trouble, however, was taken by the War Department to repair or protect the forts from sea encroachment. The state of affairs at the present time is

that the Corporation can do nothing at this spot to protect their property; the War Department has done nothing to protect theirs. The sea is still proceeding with its work of destruction, and has now begun to encroach on the east side of the fort and on Pevensey Bay. On December 21 a representative of the War Department from Dover inspected the damage.

During the last gale the sea at high tide reached nearly to the martello tower shown in the photographs. Thirty years ago it did not

OUR DWINDLING COAST: SEA-ENCROACHMENTS NEAR EASTBOURNE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES BREACH.



THE PROTECTIONIST LEADER AS ELECTOR: MR. CHAMBERLAIN VOTING IN CENTRAL BIRMINGHAM.

DRAWN BY H. H. FLÈRE FROM A SKETCH BY PRESTON CRIBB, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT BIRMINGHAM.

Mr. Chamberlain voted at the Market Hall Ward Polling Station in the Central Division of Birmingham.

A FEAT OF PIG-STICKING BY SIR PERTAB SINGH.

FROM A SKETCH BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.



SIR PERTAB GIVING THE PIG THE FINAL STROKE DURING A FLYING LEAP.

Mr. Begg writes: "Sir Pertab Singh, who is in the Prince's suite, was out pig-sticking the other morning before breakfast with Sir Arthur Bigge, Lord Crichton, and others, and he managed to give the finishing stroke to the pig while his horse jumped over it, which is considered rather a smart thing to do. The pig, which had already been struck, was on its hind legs trying to cut at the horse with its tusks."

IN BOOKLAND AND ROUND ABOUT.

CHIEFLY OF NATURE.

MRS. Flora Annie Steel is fond of the title of her picture-book, "A Book of Mortals, Collected by a Fellow-Mortal" (William Heinemann), and she calls the animals her fellow-mortals on a great many of the ensuing pages. It was Mrs. Browning, surely, who first had the idea; at any rate, she called her little dog her "fellow-creature," but she did it only once. Mrs. Steel does not give the phrase or the idea much rest. Her plan is, however, fairly original. She goes through those characters and practices which are called virtues in conscious and responsible man, and proves them to be the constant boast and glory of the horse, the dog, the sheep, and all the various company of good beasts. But then they are all good beasts; Mrs. Steel would not aver that such a thing as moral evil—that of culpable egoism, for example; of conscious, useless, and enjoyed cruelty; of false witness borne for motives of malice (we take the worst of man's offences)—is attributable to any earthly creature not human. And therefore there is an undeniable inequality, and, let Mrs. Steel use what names of virtues she will, she must be aware, in her calmer moments, that "love," "honour," "truth," and the rest have an added meaning in the case of beings who are capable of hatred, dishonour, and falsehood, and that these are men. Again, she has many an eloquent page on the terrible amount of slaying committed by man among the flocks and herds. Let the reader note that this is not a question of suffering, of the enjoyment of life, or the endurance of pain; but merely of the fact of these deaths—the number of deaths. Of this she makes a huge accusation against her kind—we beg her pardon, against men and women. But does she not forget that for every death inflicted a life has been caused—at any rate among the flocks and herds? Why not say "See how many lives of cattle man brings about for his use," instead of "See how many deaths"? Neither thing seems to us much worth saying, but Mrs. Steel spends her rhetoric on only one. As for her repetition of the strange tale told by the nurse to our childhood, that the horse is easily tamed only because his eyes magnify, and man therefore looks formidable, we rub our own eyes wondering whether we read the words aright in the book of an educated and clever woman. If a horse saw things larger than a man sees them (of which there is no evidence whatever), would he not see his own hoofs and the other horses, and all things else, on the same scale and so be precisely in the same position as his tamer? But the more extraordinary fallacy is the first statement that "a horse sees things larger than they really are." Than they really are! And how large is that? Is not the visible universe printed on our little eyes? To see things as they really are would be to see nothing, far or near, larger than our retina, whether we be horse or man. The book is very beautifully illustrated, and the cover, which has been specially designed by Miss Isabel Hutchinson, is a most artistic and original piece of work.

The students of nature are fruitful, and multiply, and fill our book-shelves with charming volumes; and of their work no more pleasant specimen than "Creatures of the Night" (John Murray) can be desired by the lovers of wild life. Mr. Alfred Rees, the author, has an intimate acquaintance with the creatures whose adventures he describes—the otter, the water-vole, the field-vole, the fox, the badger, the hare, and the hedgehog. He has lived among them, knows their haunts almost as well as they themselves do, and has watched their habits with a tireless eye. Then, taking his observations for a foundation, he has woven a pleasant story round their lives, a story in which the writer's love of nature, and sympathy with bird and beast, are made manifest on every page. He has more than a tale to tell us; he can bring into his pages the atmosphere of the country-side, until the lover of nature who reads his book feels that he is living side by side with the subjects of the stories. There are certain naturalists who will complain of the unscientific methods used by Mr. Rees in his narrative. These worthy observers will hold that the author's imagination is responsible for the greater part of the emotions to which the various animals are subjected; but we are well content that this sympathetic interest should be the main feature of the book, because it makes for interest, and sympathy with wild life. Even if it be founded in part upon a misunderstanding, it is infinitely better than the callous indifference that has prevailed in these islands from time immemorial. While we have done away with the more cruel forms of sport, such as badger-baiting, dog-fights and cock-fights, and the rest, we are still far from granting to the lives that are directly or indirectly under our control some measure of protection and of studious interest.

For some eighteen years Mr. Budgett Meakin has lived among the people of Morocco, and his knowledge of the country and its inhabitants is extensive and peculiar. From time to time, since he published his three great volumes on Morocco, he has contributed articles of more than passing interest to various papers and reviews, and it was perhaps no bad idea to republish these fugitive contributions in book form at the present moment, when Britons are likely to be compelled, willy-nilly, to take Morocco seriously. Perhaps the interest of that fascinating country is partly hidden under a

mountain of words, since, unfortunately, so many tourists who have gone no farther than the coast towns of Morocco have felt it their bounden duty to inflict a book, or at least a series of invertebrate articles, upon a long-suffering generation. Happily, Mr. Budgett Meakin's knowledge is beyond question, and though we do not pretend to see eye to eye with him, we are pleased to testify to the remarkable accuracy, patient research, and untiring observation that make "Life in Morocco" (Chatto and Windus) well worth careful reading. The author breaks fresh ground by comparing Tunisia, Algeria, and Tripoli with Morocco, and his views are the more interesting because they suggest serious reflections upon the French as colonists. When Mr. Budgett Meakin says that, while no love is lost between French and natives in Tunisia, there is actual hatred in Algeria, and that the conquered Arabs hold that European law has no connection with justice, the difficulties and dangers that await France, even should the Conference at Algeciras prove satisfactory to French colonial ambitions, can hardly be ignored. Very interesting is the chapter entitled "Footprints of the Moors in Spain," and if the appendix devoted to "Morocco News" is unpleasant reading to those who take foreign telegrams seriously upon all occasions, it is, at least, useful preparation for the days of public interest that began again with the Conference. Of diplomacy in Morocco, the protection system, and the political situation, the author writes with full knowledge and ripe judgment, and the volume boasts some reproductions of photographs that possess considerable interest.

In "Jungle Trails and Jungle People" (T. Werner Laurie), Mr. Caspar Whitney gives just such a graphic picture of travel in Eastern wilds as might be expected from the pen of an intelligent and observing man to whom everything he saw and heard had the attraction of absolute novelty. He visited Siam, Malaya, and Sumatra intent on sport; and as he knew nothing of any Eastern language and was entirely in the hands of native guides, he is much to be congratulated on what small success he achieved by his indomitable energy and resolution. Big-game shooting was the main purpose of his expedition, and though he contrives to make his tales of failure far more entertaining than many stories of successful endeavour, we have found the pages of his most readable book which treat of jungle people much more interesting than the strictly sporting incidents. Mr. Whitney was necessarily brought into intimate contact with the Siamese and Malays, and his observations on their character and ways as revealed to him in the jungles are those of a particularly shrewd but by no means unsympathetic student of human nature. Mr. Hugh Clifford has told the world something of the Sakais of Malaya; and we can only regret that Mr. Whitney's attempts to cultivate closer acquaintance with these tree-dwelling aborigines were not attended with more satisfactory results. Not the least interesting chapter is that in which he describes more minutely than any previous writer the royal elephant-catching operations at Ayuthia, near Bangkok. The book is one which gives the reader a singularly vivid idea of the discomforts and difficulties of jungle travel in the Far East during the rainy season, the time when none who can avoid doing so enter the forests. The illustrations from photographs are particularly good.

Major Willes Jennings had the good fortune to be "With the Abyssinians in Somaliland" (Hodder and Stoughton) in his capacity as a medical officer; and if his brightly written book contains little concerning the military operations against the Mullah, whose madness showed so much method, it is none the less welcome as a vivid picture of Abyssinian and Somali by an acute and indulgent observer. Of special interest are the chapters on Abyssinian character and customs: the author has not formed a very exalted idea of Abyssinian Christianity; "the whole system is that of an easy, look-after-yourself, go-as-you-please, characteristically Oriental sort of order, which from its influence on character and conduct, might be any system of religion or none at all." In spite of this, however, he is able to give the race a very fair testimonial. The Abyssinian is a born soldier, brave to a fault in the face of an enemy, hardy and enduring. Under normal conditions of life, in town and country, they appear to be a peaceful and orderly race, and the rarity of serious crime among them speaks well for the Abyssinian temperament. This, it must be observed, is attributed by the author to the absence of drunkenness: they are always ready to drink anything from whisky to champagne; but it is quite the exception for a man to exceed. In every respect the Abyssinian is greatly superior to the Somali and Galla, for whom he has such a contempt. Major Willes Jennings gives us an occasional glimpse of sport with lion, antelope, and warthog; but his interests are primarily human, and he has collected much information about the people and their institutions, which he records in very entertaining fashion. The illustrations from his photographs are very good, but one is tempted to wonder why the artist is not oftener employed for the work of this sort. The photograph, of course, has the charm of authenticity, but its limitations are manifest, and even where the traveller does not himself draw very well, he can often so inspire the artist by description that photography is far surpassed. This has already been proved by many of our Travel Supplements.

THE NEMESIS OF FROUDE.

ELEVEN years have passed since the death of Froude, and until now no attempt has been made to write a plain, unvarnished record of the remarkable career of this great man of letters. The fact is the more surprising when we bear in mind that during the whole fifty years of his literary activity, and without cessation since his death, controversy was and has been busy with his name. The filling of this notable gap in our national biography has fallen to the capable hands of Mr. Herbert Paul ("Life of Froude"; Pitman), and it is not too much to say that he has discharged a difficult task with knowledge and enthusiasm, excellent tact and judgment, and brilliant literary skill. It is true that Mr. Paul has written under certain disabilities. No biography was contemplated by Froude's family, so that this record is in no way official. And, though Mr. Paul has had much material put at his service by members of the family, it has to be noted that many of Froude's letters were purposely destroyed at his death. Again, Mr. Paul writes without having enjoyed any personal knowledge of Froude. It is idle to deny that the evidences of these disadvantages are clearly enough visible in this brilliant book. As a memoir, it is lean in regard to personal details. In a biography worthy of the name, the subject must largely tell his own life. The biographer's share in the work should be that of the skilful stage-manager behind the scenes. We regard Mr. Paul's work as an extended critical monograph. Mr. Paul, no blame to him, is himself always on the stage—lecturing, criticising, and expounding. The result is a vague presentation of Froude's personality, but an engrossing analysis of his life's work.

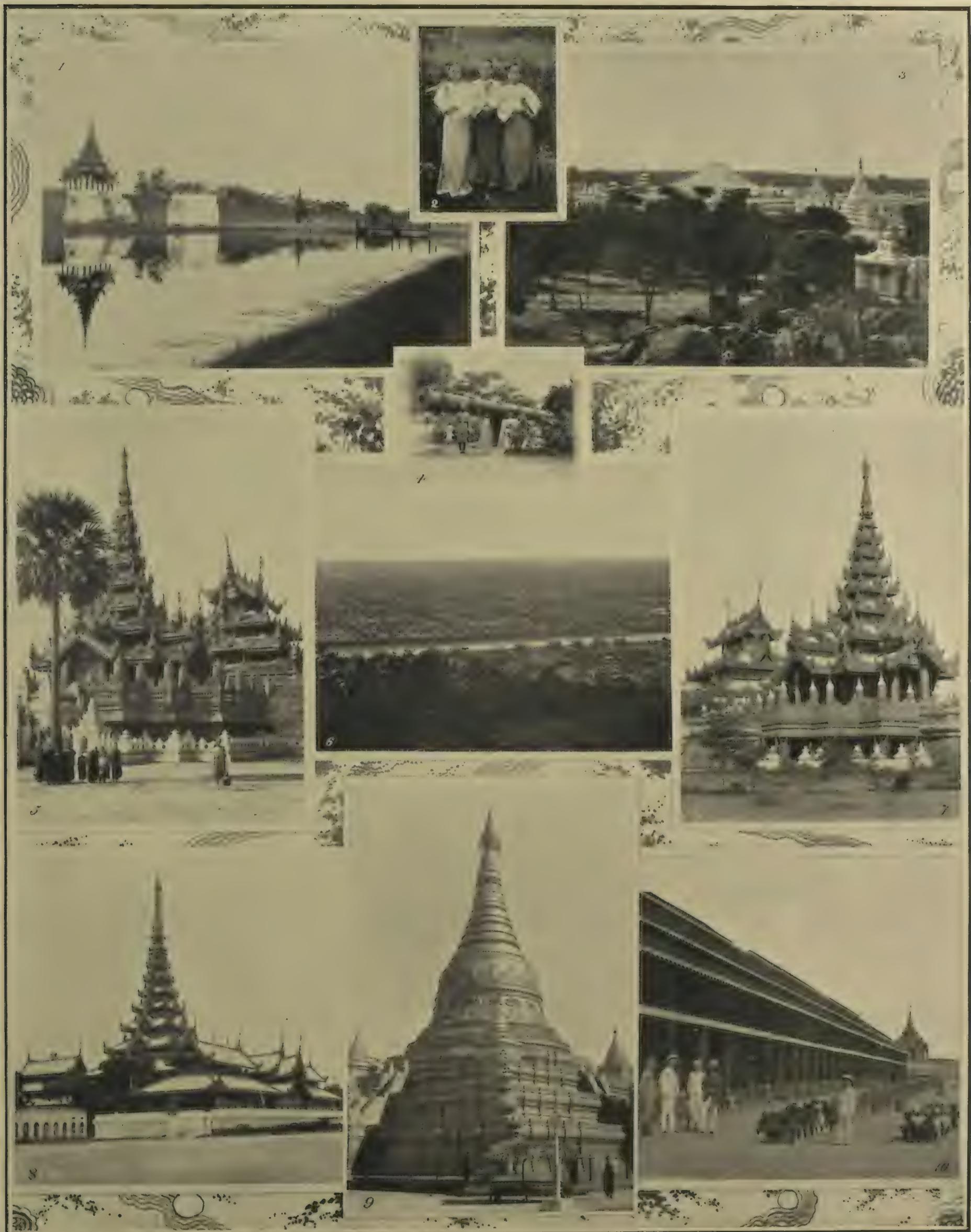
The son of a Devonshire Rector, Froude experienced a miserable childhood and youth. The family was ravaged by consumption, and Froude himself arrived to lusty manhood in spite of a "hardening system" which verged on brutality. Misunderstood by his father and bullied by an elder brother (the "saintly" Hurrell Froude, the pioneer of the Oxford Movement), Anthony endured still worse horrors at Westminster. For him, indeed, life was hardly worth living till he entered Oriel College, where he gave himself up to two years of his one approach to riotous living. A passing love affair at last awakened him to ambition, and to a sense of his own great powers, but it was too late to secure him more than a second class. However, his ability was recognised, and he obtained a Fellowship at Exeter. To his brother's friend, Newman, he was greatly attached. He even undertook to help Newman with a project for the "Lives of the Saints." But Froude's notes on the life of St. Neot drily ended with the words, "This is all, and perhaps rather more than all, that is known of the life of the blessed St. Neot." As Mr. Paul remarks with equal dryness, "His connection with the series ended." So ended likewise Froude's interest in miracles and his connection with the High Church party.

Froude's earliest attempts in literature were two stories, in one of which he made a remarkably candid use of his own history and of his abortive love affair. Mr. Paul excuses this by saying that "his dramatic instinct was uncontrollable, and had to be expressed." A small matter in itself, the incident is strangely prophetic of the methods which were later to bring the world of criticism about his ears. It is certain that Froude's early experiences left their mark on his attitude to literature and life. Under a mask of a cynic and man-of-the-world, Froude remained something of a puritan and an ascetic, and in writing his own life no less than that of anyone else, it would never have entered his mind to conceal a single defect. In biography as in history, no matter how far his results may have belied his intention, Froude had a passion for truth.

His ill-judged and hasty production, "The Nemesis of Faith," was the means of severing his connection with the University. The book was burned in the common room of Exeter, and Froude was left to the resources of his pen. At no time was the struggle a difficult one for Froude, for to great powers of work he brought a brilliant style and a surprising versatility. From this time onward his biography interests us chiefly as it brings to view the two periods and events of his life which made him the object of a criticism fiercer than beat on any man of letters of his generation. On his private life Mr. Paul is unable, from the materials at his disposal, to lift the veil. Married to a sister-in-law of Charles Kingsley, Froude lived an enviable happy private life. As a historian, his work leaped into an immediate popularity exceeding that of any historian since Gibbon and Macaulay. St. Andrews elected him Lord Rector. Two years before his death he had the satisfaction of returning to Oxford as Professor of Modern History—the chair of his old-time detractors, Stubbs and Freeman.

Like Froude's own, Mr. Paul's methods are of the forensic order. He defends the case—not from a brief, but from conviction. With the help of Mr. James Rye's researches, Mr. Paul has written a scathing exposure of Freeman's attacks on Froude. Freeman is convicted of sciolism and malice. He attacked Froude with the coarse bludgeon of the hired literary bravo. Too late in the fray, Froude turned and rended his assailant, but not before the legend of Froude's inaccuracy had become a stereotyped page in the popular belief. As revealed by Mr. Paul, the tactics of Freeman and the *Saturday Review* will go down to history as a choice example of literary ruffianism.

“ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAY”: THE ROYAL VISIT TO BURMAH.



1. THE EASTERN WALL OF THE CITY, WITH THE MOAT AND BRIDGE.
2. CHEROOTS.
3. THE INCOMPARABLE PAGODA FROM MANDALAY HILL.

4. THE BIG BURMESE GUN AT MANDALAY.
5. PHONGEE KAYANG, NEAR THE KING'S BAZAAR.
6. MANDALAY FROM THE MOUNT.
7. THE SILVER KAYANG.

8. THE PALACE, THE CENTRE OF THE UNIVERSE.
9. EING-DAW-YA PAGODA.
10. AN INSPECTION OF CONVICTS AT MANDALAY JAIL.



PARTY POLITICS IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

FROM THE PAINTING BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

THE THIRTY-THIRD YEAR OF THE DUTCH WAR IN ACHIN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE EXCLUSIVE NEWS AGENCY.

THE newspapers in Holland published a few days ago a telegram from Batavia recording the capture by a small Dutch force of a native stronghold in the island of Celebes. A commentator in this country contrives to find in the news a fresh proof that the war in the Dutch East Indies, which has been raging since 1873, is still being continued with unabated vigour. Sumatra and Celebes, he informs us, are the theatre of this long-winded contest, which effaces all modern and many ancient records. The Dutch are endeavouring to extend the benefits of civilisation by means of the best modern firearms, but the ignorant natives, though losing heavily, fight on with true Malay ferocity. Many "regrettable incidents" have thus been experienced by the Dutch, who, it is also plainly insinuated, have not been guiltless of "methods of barbarism."

under British rule. In 1816, because, say some, we had not properly realised its value, it was given back to the Netherlands; with a provision, however, in respect to Sumatra, ratified by subsequent treaties and conventions, open and secret, that the Dutch were not to cross the borders of the independent territories in the far north corner of the island. But for this explicit provision, Achin no doubt would have fallen to the Dutch half a century earlier. It is easier to steal a country than a mill, as Max Havlaas said of this very matter. On the other hand, our care for the independence of the Achinese was not disinterested. The provision embodying it, however, was removed in the Convention of 1871, and within a few months Holland and Achin were at loggerheads, and have been ever since. The provocations to war alleged by the Dutch



SCENE AT TANDJONGPURA.

This comment is not merely prejudiced, but singularly ill-informed as well. The "little war" referred to in the Batavian telegram is of quite recent occurrence, and is a comparatively small affair. Celebes never was the theatre of the thirty-three years' war, which has always been confined to Achin, in the extreme north of Sumatra. The Dutch in Celebes are as far removed

ON THE WANPOE RIVER.

were the depredations of the Achin pirates. It is not for us to deride the pretext. When, in 1872, matters came to a crisis between the Sultan and the Netherlands, offers were made to the latter by the English Government to mediate with a view to getting Achin to agree to the Dutch terms. We have seen it stated recently that a peaceful settlement thus in sight



NATIVE HOUSES IN SUMATRA.

from Achin as we are from Batum, and the natives of each are probably as different in race and condition as those of London and St. Petersburg. The local trouble in Celebes, at any rate, has no relation whatsoever with the war in the Dutch East Indies that has been raging since 1873.

In that year Holland declared war against the Sultan of Achin. The steps leading up to their action are of considerable interest to ourselves, who, as we have just been discovering, are apt to be too absorbed in our own colonial adventures and problems to take a discriminating, or even reasonably well-informed oversight of those of our neighbours. For five years during the Napoleonic wars, from 1811, a great portion of Insulinde came

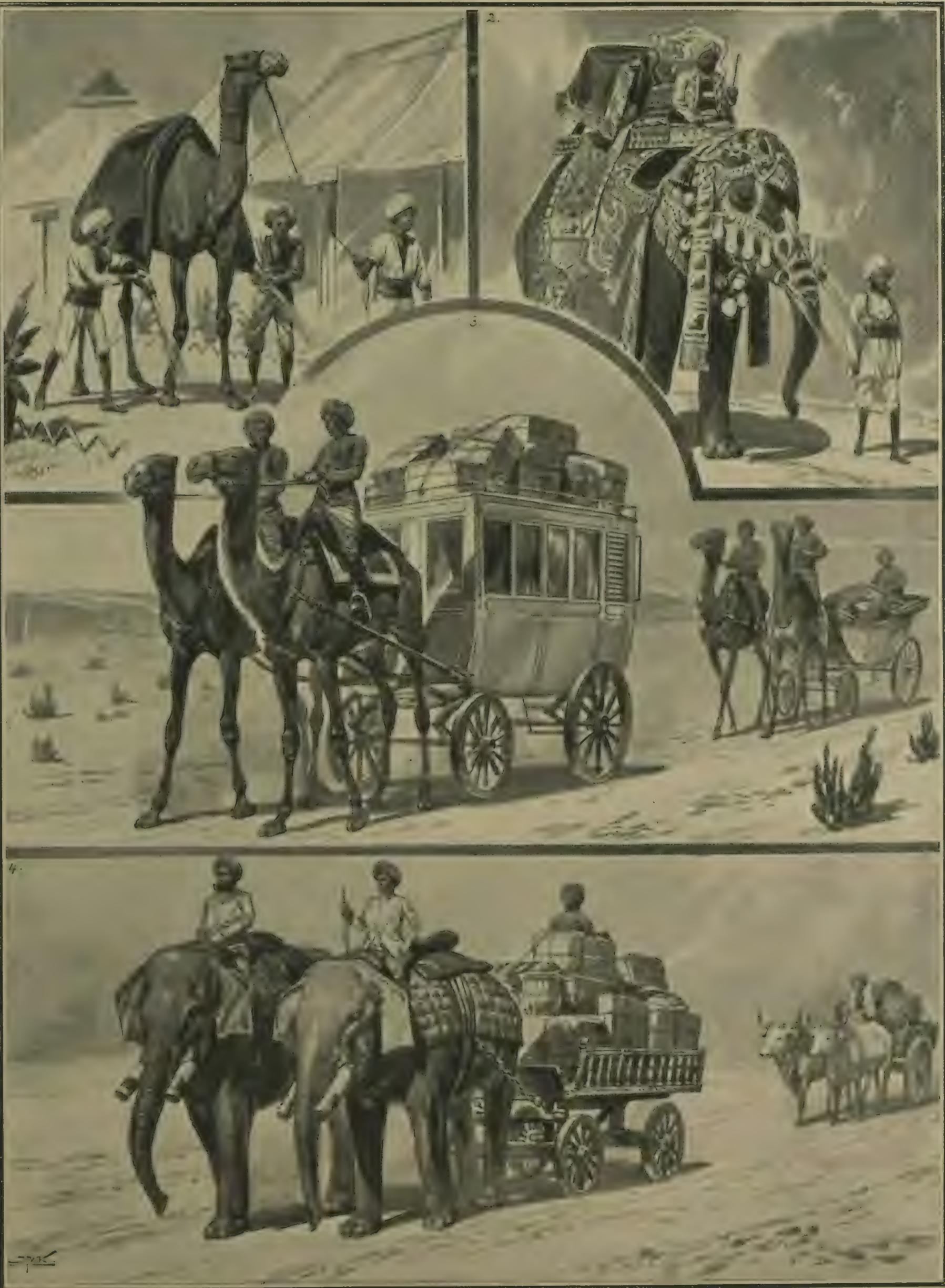
A VILLAGE IN SUMATRA.

was thwarted by the German Government, who represented that such British interference might justify intervention on the part of other Powers, which Germany could not allow. By those who believe that Pan-Germanism is an imminent danger, this is added to the proof of its sinister designs. Be that as it may, the wisdom of the expedition of 1873 has been doubted by many people in Holland itself; but it was easy for them to be knowing after the event: for the conquest of Achin has been notoriously an-fortunate enterprise for the Dutch. Entered upon with a light heart, it was not followed up with vigour; and though the Sultanate fell in 1874, the country has never really been brought under subjection. The end is still doubtful.



CAMEL TRANSPORT FOR THE PRINCE'S LUGGAGE IN INDIA.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKOEK FROM SKETCHES BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.



1. THE INDIAN SUBSTITUTE FOR THE WATER-CART IN THE CAMP AT BIKANIR.

3. THE CAMEL-OMNIBUS: THE ROYAL LUGGAGE CROSSING THE DESERT.

2. AN ELEPHANT CANDELABRUM AND FOUNTAIN: THIS ELEPHANT, WHICH BELONGED TO THE RAJAH OF NABHA, CARRIED CANDELABRA ON ITS TUSKS.

4. ELEPHANT TRANSPORT FOR THE ROYAL LUGGAGE FROM GAJNER TO BIKANIR.

Gajner was the hunting camp where the Prince was entertained during his visit to the Maharajah of Bikanir. It was twenty-five miles from Bikanir.

CALCUTTA EN FÊTE FOR THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

SKETCHES (FACSIMILE) BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA

Lord Minto. Prince. Lady Minto. Princess.



NATIVE ENTERTAINMENT ON THE MAIDAN, CALCUTTA, IN HONOUR
OF THE ROYAL VISIT.

1. Sikkim Dance.
4. Bhutanese Dance.

2. Baul Song.
5. Nagar Sankistan.
3. A Presentation of Native Notables to the Prince and Princess.
6. A Spectral Performance: Tibetan Ghost-Dance.



AN INDIAN ASCOT: THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS AT THE
CALCUTTA RACES.

The brilliancy of a race-meeting at home is equalled if not eclipsed by the great Indian meetings, and the Calcutta meeting has just enjoyed the added distinction of the presence of Royalty.

THE ELECTION OF THE FRENCH PRESIDENT: SEALING THE NOMINATION.

DRAWN BY L. SABATTIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT VERSAILLES.



M. Eugène Pierre.

M. Edouard Dupré.

PLACING THE SEAL OF THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY ON THE ACT OF NOMINATION.

Four copies of the Act are engrossed on parchment. One is given to the new President, the second is placed in the National Archives, a third in the Archives of the Senate, the fourth among those of the Chamber of Deputies. The door to the right of the picture leads to the Salle Marengo, where the votes are counted. Through the door can be seen the statue of Napoleon. The act of nomination of M. Fallières was sealed by M. Eugène Pierre and M. Edouard Dupré, general secretaries to the National Assembly.

THE FIELD ON THE GREEN: TWO SPORTS IN COLLISION.

DRAWN BY FLEMING WILLIAMS.



AN INTERRUPTED PUTT.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

PHOTOGRAPH BY NADAR.



M. ARMAND FALLIÈRES, ELECTED TO SUCCEED M. LOUBET, JANUARY 17.

M. Fallières is a Gascon. His father was Clerk of the Peace at Mézin. In 1860 he was sent to Paris to study law, and he returned to his native province to practise as a barrister. In 1876 he was elected Deputy, and he has held office in several Cabinets. He has been Minister of the Interior, of Justice, and of Education, and he has been Prime Minister. He was eight times President of the Senate. His hobby is his vineyard, to which he escapes at every opportunity.

AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAUL'S.

BY ANDREW LANG.

"NI elettori ni eletti" is, or was not long ago, the motto of well-principled Italian gentlemen, disgusted with the vulgarity of modern politics. They were neither voters nor candidates, and thereby saved themselves much trouble, for they would not have persuaded the voting classes to elect them, while the misdeeds, real or imaginary, of their grandfathers would have been published by opponents who, as far as human knowledge went, were like radiobes, and had no grandfathers at all. There is, one hears, in Scotland, a religious community of fairly old standing, whose members are "neither electors nor elected." The facts about this Church are so ramified and obscure that the student can scarcely say a word concerning it without being contradicted. The name of the community is The Reformed Presbyterian Church, a title suggestive of extreme purity of discipline and doctrine, for the Presbyterian Churches were of the extreme left of the Reformers, and the *Reformed* Presbyterian Church is yet more pure.

They do not poll a very heavy vote; indeed they do not poll any vote at all; because, as I am credibly informed, they have never recognised any King or Queen as genuine since Charles II., who was only genuine, from their point of view, before his happy restoration, if then, which is not quite certain. The reason for this exclusiveness is that, since 1660, no King or Queen of this island has taken the Covenant, which, in an R.P.C. way of thinking, is binding on all Scottish generations for ever. Moreover, all Kings of England who were also Kings of Scotland have been bound by their Coronation Oath to maintain the Church of England as, till further notice, by law established; which is a thing absolutely contradictory of the Covenant, or of the Solemn League and Covenant, or, perhaps, of both. Consequently, members of the R.P.C. are in the position of the "Blacks," or strict Papal Party in Italy; and while admired for their peaceful and exemplary lives and sincere piety, they stand aloof from politics.

If I am not mistaken, the popular nickname of the R.P.C. is the "Auld Lichts," familiar to all of us in Mr. Barrie's earlier novels. They are thus the direct descendants of the people called by the world "Cameronians," after the Rev. Mr. Richard Cameron, who "died praying and fighting." But I think that they have never themselves adopted this name, but in their public manifestoes have styled themselves "The Poor, Wasted, Misrepresented, Remnant of the Suffering, Anti-Popish, Anti-Prelatrick, Anti-Erastian, Anti-Sectarian, True Presbyterian Church in Scotland." Thus, at least, they name themselves in a very dirty and ill-printed little book of 1707, which lies before me. For short, some of them styled themselves "Presbyterian Dissenters," which is rather a betrayal of the Cause. It was the Church of Scotland which dissented from them, after the Revolution of 1688.

They were important people at the time of the Union of 1707, because there were thousands of them drilled, armed, provided with horses—in short, they were mounted infantry, like the Boers, and, like the Boers, very resolute fighters. Which side would they take if the Union was resisted in arms by the Scotch? Would they be for Queen Anne, or for King James "over the water"? As they often impartially renounced both claimants, the question was delicate.

Historians have said that these people, at one time (1706), were ready to rise and fight for King James, Catholic as he was. Now the only way to find out was to read their manuscript accounts of their own secret meetings. But where were these to be found? On making inquiry I found (if I am not mistaken) that about 1747 the Misrepresented Remnant split into "New Lights" and "Old Lights," or "Auld Lichts," while, in 1873, the New Lights, advanced thinkers, joined the Free Kirk of Scotland. They were more numerous than the Auld Lichts, and carried the mysterious records of the Remnant with them, though the Auld Lichts appear, as the really tenacious old original Remnant, to have the better, indeed the only rightful, claim to these treasures of information. However, the Library of the Free Church was the place in which to look for the papers; but, then, a few years ago, the Free Church herself split into "Muckle Frees," or "United Free Church," and "Wee Frees," or "Free Church." Now the umpire, the House of Lords, gave to the "Wee Frees," itself a tiny remnant, the wealth of the much larger body of "Muckle Frees," which had split off from them. Therefore, the patient inquirer inferred, the "Wee Frees" must own the documents. But is it really so? No mortal can tell me who owns the coveted papers, written after many a stormy armed meeting on rainy moors; after many a defiance of Kirk and State, at the crosses of little country towns. So after all this hunt after truth, one still asks Pilate's question, "What is truth?" about the Misrepresented Remnant.

They are not alone in being misrepresented! A misrepresented lady, at this moment, is Jane Austen. A critic in the *Publisher's Circular* has written that Miss Austen, Miss Charlotte Brontë, and George Eliot "were not blessed with much of that beauty, which gives the fair sex so much of its charm." The style is not more graceful than the statement is gallant, or even accurate. The miniature of Miss Austen in youth shows a girl of great beauty and charming vivacity of expression, like a pretty brown Beatrix who "will be mocking." The face of Miss Brontë in the only portrait known to be is interesting and pleasing; while there seems to be no portrait of George Eliot in her girlhood. "It is not always the plain ones that have the money," and many of the pretty ones have had the brains. Byron, Goethe, Burns, Shelley, Tennyson, Milton, with other poets, prove that beauty and genius may well be mated, even in the plain sex.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

II A WAY (Southsea).—We regret we cannot answer by post. The "Chess Problem," published by Cassell, would probably be the best for your purpose.

MALCOLM SIM.—Thanks, it shall have our attention.

II MAXWELL PRIDEAUX (Bristol).—We are pleased to receive your contribution, and note with thanks your kind wishes.

II R (Chancery Lane).—No. 3 Problem can be solved by 1. Kt takes P (ch), followed by 2. K to Kt 6th, and the other by 1. Kt to R 2nd.

II LEPSON (Maidstone).—Published by Horace Cox, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3211 received from Laurent Changuion (Cape Colony); of No. 3212, from T N Baneji (Dhar, Central India); of No. 3213 from R D Karve (Bombay) and William C Stadie (New York); of No. 3216 from C Field junior (Athol, Mass.); of No. 3217 from Emile Frau (Lyons), Eugene Henry (Lewisham), and C Field junior (Athol, Mass.); of No. 3218 from Doryman, Rev. A Mays (Bedford), A G Bagot (Dublin), D Newton (Lisbon), F B Smith (Rochdale), Café Glacier (Marseilles), and Albert Wolff (Putney); of No. 3219 from P Daly Brighton, H S Brandreth (Naples), Rev. W C Allsbrook (Evesham), A G Bagot (Dublin), Sorrento, D Weir (Fivemiletown), Doryman, Joseph Willcock (Shrewsbury), Shadforth, W Harris (Hinckley), F R Pickering (Forest Hill), T Roberts, F B Smith (Rochdale), Eugene Henry (Lewisham), H J Plumb (Sandhurst), Emile Frau (Lyons), C E Perugini, Robert Bee (Colsterworth), T Smith (Brighton), D Newton (Lisbon), H A Sims (Stockwell), Rev. A Mays (Bedford), and J D Tucker (Ilkley).

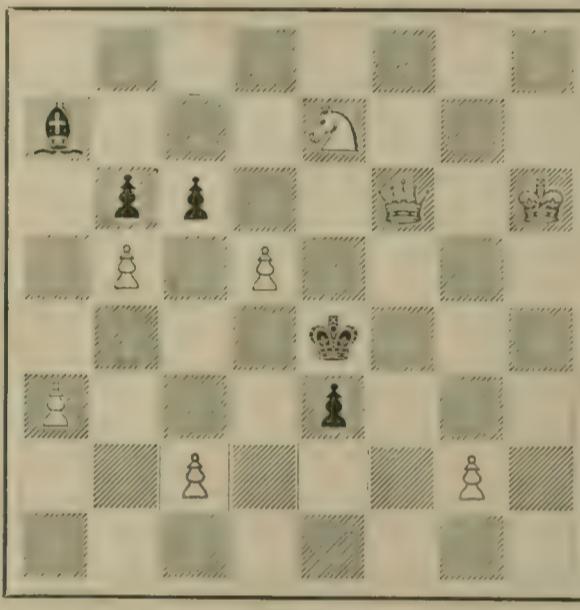
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 3220 received from A W Young (Edinburgh), E G Rodway (Trowbridge), E J Winter-Wood, J D Tucker (Ilkley), J J (Frampton), Albert Wolff (Putney), Sconic, Belle, E A King, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Seaford), R Worts (Canterbury), Hereward, J Hopkinson (Derby), S M Singh (Oxford), F A Benson (Clifton), H J Plumb (Sandhurst), F R Pickering (Forest Hill), E Lawrence Cheltenham, W Millington (Lancaster), J A S Hanbury (Birmingham), R H Stanley (Liverpool), P Henderson (Leeds), Joseph Willcock Shrewsbury, Shadforth, David Weir (Fivemiletown), Charles Burnett, and J A Corstorphine-Wilson (Hanwell).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3219.—BY ALAIN C. WHITE.

WHITE BLACK
1. Kt to K 4th Any move
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM NO. 3222.—BY PHILIP H. WILLIAMS.

BLACK.



WHITE to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Game played in the Brooklyn Eagle Correspondence Tourney, between Messrs. GUILLAN and SCHROER.

(English Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to Q B 4th	P to K 4th	12. Kt to Q 2nd	P to Q B 4th
2. P to K 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	13. P to Q 5th	P to B 4th
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q 4th	14. Castles	Kt to K 4th
4. P takes P	Kt takes P	15. R to K sq	Kt takes B
5. Kt to B 3rd		16. Q takes Kt	P takes P

In these irregular openings one form changes into another by a mere position of moves. The position is now that of the Van Kruys opening, and is considered favourable to White.

5. Kt P takes Kt	Kt takes Kt	6. Kt P to Q 3rd	It to Q 3rd
7. P to Q 4th	Q to K 2nd	8. Q to B 2nd	It to Q 2nd
9. P to K 4th	Castles	10. B to Q 3rd	P takes P
11. P takes P	B to Kt 5th (ch)	12. B to Kt 5th (ch)	

Black does not pay sufficient attention to this move, on which, as will be seen, the game actually turns.

WHITE (Mr. B.) BLACK (Mr. C.)

1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	15. B to Kt 5th	R takes P
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	16. Q to B 3rd	R to B 2nd
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P	17. K to Q 2nd	provides a temporary escape, but it can scarcely save the game.

Here the Max Lange attack is obtained as a variation of the Scotch Gambit.

4. R to B 4th	Kt to B 3rd	18. Kt to B 6th (ch)	K to B 5q
5. Castles	B to B 4th	19. R takes P	R to Q sq
6. P to K 5th	P to Q 4th	20. Q R to K sq	P to Q 6th
7. P takes Kt	P takes B	21. R takes P	Kt to Q 5th
8. R to K sq (ch)	B to K 3rd	22. R to K 8th (ch)	K to K 2nd
9. Kt to Kt 5th	Q to Q 4th	23. Q R to Kt 5th	

If Q takes P, R takes Kt, P takes Kt, R to Kt 5th, winning the Bishop.

10. Kt to Q B 3rd	Q to B 4th	24. Q takes Kt	R to Q 2nd
11. Q to K 4th	B to Kt 3rd	25. R to Kt 5th (ch)	Q takes Kt
12. P takes P	R to Kt 5th	26. Q to B 6th, mate	

13. P to Kt 4th	Q to Kt 3rd	27. R to Kt 5th (ch)	Q takes Kt
14. Kt takes B	P takes Kt	28. Q to B 6th, mate	

We regret to announce the death of Chevalier Desanges, for many years a constant contributor of both problems and solutions to this column. He was possessed of great artistic powers, and was a well-known figure in society, but for some years prior to his death ill-health had compelled him to withdraw to the peace and quietness of a country life.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE WANDERINGS OF FISHES.

THE naturalist is always deeply interested in that phase of animal life which has reference to the migrations of the creatures he studies. The habit of shifting their domicile is familiar to all of us as characteristic of many birds, for example. The mammals or quadrupeds also illustrate this habit, though in a less typical fashion. Possibly one of the most remarkable cases is that which the Lemming exemplifies. This little creature periodically leaves the higher lands of Northern Europe, and travels in large hordes towards the sea. The animals seem to strike a "bee line" for the water, crossing mountains and fording lakes if these lie in the way of progress. When they arrive at the sea, the original host is found to be sadly reduced in numbers, owing to the attack of enemies and to the privations encountered on the march. The few that survive appear to wander aimlessly on the coast-line, and finally disappear.

This curious habit of migration, apparently of a purposeless nature, is best explained on the assumption that the lemmings seek an ancient feeding or breeding ground which no longer exists. In truth, many facts included in the migratory excursions and journeys of birds are to be explained on the same ground of the persistence of an ancestral habit. More curious, because of the circumstances of their lives, is the migration of fishes. Equally interesting are their wanderings, using this latter term to indicate erratic journeys as opposed to the changing of a habitat at regular seasons. The well-known case of the salmon will occur at once to us, since it passes into the rivers to spawn from the sea at a definite period and returns thereafter to the sea. The sturgeon illustrates a similar habit; and certain of the herring tribe, as well as the lampreys, may be also cited by way of demonstrating how a change of area is closely associated with the reproduction of the race.

A high authority tells us that the salmon and the sturgeon were originally fresh-water fishes. The habit of descending to the sea arose probably from scarcity of food in the rivers. A chance movement inaugurated by the imperious law of food-getting, thus became crystallized into a fixed custom, the return to the rivers to spawn being an evidence of the original habitat of the fishes in fresh water. In the opposite direction we find many salt-water fishes ascending rivers, sometimes for very long distances. Here there is no definite cause apparently to be found for the change of locality, but at the same time it is curious to note that in many instances the naturalist is able to point to species originally marine which now confine themselves to fresh waters. Such cases are, indeed, more numerous than those in which a fish sojourns in the sea for a time, and returns to its own place, namely, the river.

Such cases offer to us illustrations of the marvellous adaptability of living creatures to changed conditions of existence. The geologist, besides, comes to our aid here, by way of showing how, in consequence of land changes, certain fishes have been compelled to accommodate themselves to altered circumstances of life. The Baltic Sea, not so very long ago, geologically speaking, was in full and free communication with the Arctic Sea. Then the land rose, in Finland and North Scandinavia, and the Baltic became an inland sea. Its sea-water is diluted by the enormous amount of fresh water it receives, and it is described as being almost fresh at its northern limit. Nine species of fish at least have survived the change. These species are exactly similar to those found still in the Arctic Ocean, though the Baltic species are smaller. There is also an instance known in which a fish of the shark tribe has come to live permanently in fresh water in inland lakes in the Fiji Islands.

In recent years we have been afforded much interesting and economically useful information concerning the wanderings of fishes, through investigations undertaken by Fishery Boards. With the view of determining whether fishes possess any great powers of travelling from one sea-area to another—a point of importance in connection with fishing operations—it has been found possible so to mark fishes that they may be identified at any subsequent period at which they may be recaptured. In a recent report, Mr. Garstang details certain highly suggestive results of this marking and identification practice. When a fish is caught it has affixed to it a brass label bearing a number. The details of the capture are duly chronicled. The label is secured to the fish by means of a thin silver wire passed through the body and fastened on the opposite side by a button. It has been found that no injury results to the fish from this procedure—a fact proved by the subsequent natural growth of the animal.

We read that up to December 1903 no fewer than 1493 plaice had been thus identified. Of these fishes, 297 had been recaptured and were returned to the authorities for identification and for the recording of their movements. The first point elucidated is that the larger fishes wander further than their smaller neighbours, seemingly a very natural result. The distances traversed are sometimes of astonishing extent. One plaice wandered in six weeks 175 miles. In another case 210 miles were travelled in eight months. It appears that season affects the direction of the wandering. The fishes go north in summer and south in winter, and the smaller fry pass early in their lives from shallow to deeper waters.

Speaking of the Dogger Bank, which we are told can support a larger population of plaice than is there found, Mr. Garstang relates an attempt to colonise it, so to speak, with fishes brought from other localities. One thousand small plaice were brought to the Bank from another area. Of these 40 per cent. were recaptured, and it was found that their rate of growth was far greater than in the case of those living in the area whence the fishes had been taken. It seems strange to think that to-day we can even control, in some degree, the population of the sea.

ANDREW WILSON.



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"As I go 'by the book'—

"I said

Bouril"



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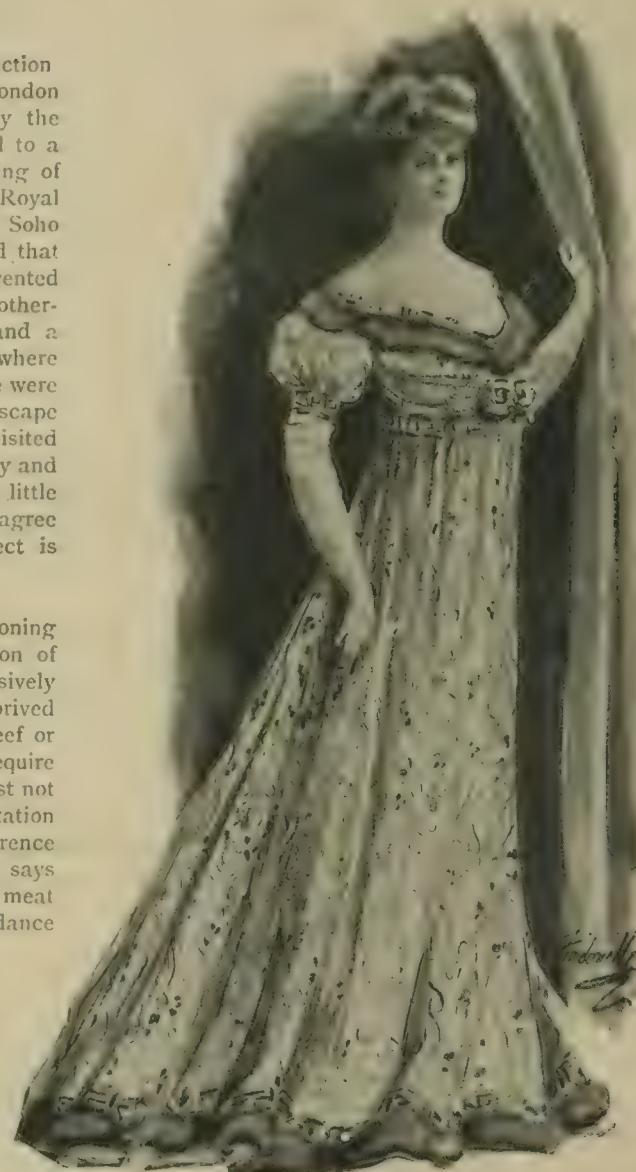
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LADIES' PAGES.

WOMEN'S clubs are receiving episcopal benediction. The other day it was from the Bishop of London at the Lyceum Ladies' Club, and more recently the Bishop of Southwark gave his emphatic approval to a working girls' club in his diocese, at the opening of which Princess Christian was present. Her Royal Highness has been President of a similar club in Soho for more than twenty years. The Bishop remarked that one great advantage of such a club was that it prevented the working girls from marrying so early as they otherwise would do. It gave them many interests, and a means of escape from the overcrowded home, where the worried mother and the too-cramped family life were so unpleasant that the girl would marry just to escape from it to a place of her own. Those who have visited amongst the poor, and know how early they marry and how regardless they are of getting a comfortable little home together before they try to set one up, will agree with the Bishop that more patience in this respect is a good outcome of the working girls' club.

An eminent veterinary surgeon has been cautioning ladies that even pet dogs require a certain portion of flesh food daily. The dog, being naturally an exclusively carnivorous animal, cannot thrive so well if deprived altogether of this food. For large dogs, shin of beef or ox-cheek stewed are recommended. Cats, too, require this point attended to; their natural tendencies must not be altogether forgotten. Persian cats have a reputation for being unfaithful to their homes, and by inference indifferent to their owners; but a great authority says that if a Persian be given a sufficient proportion of meat (and a good deal of it is thereby meant) and abundance of clean water always accessible, she will never forsake her home, and will be found exceptionally gentle and loving. But she will have meat, and if it be not supplied she goes off to hunt, and loses her manners thereby.

Hats are always the first to blossom out of the new fashions, and especially so at this season, because everybody going to the Riviera wants new headgear wherewith to encounter the bright sunshine of those shores. The leading milliners are showing chiefly two new designs. One is a modification of the mushroom shape, the other a variety of the torpedo. The feature



THE FASHIONABLE EMPIRE GOWN.

This is a graceful design for an evening frock carried out in fine black lace over white chiffon, edged with sable fur and trimmed with jet embroidery.

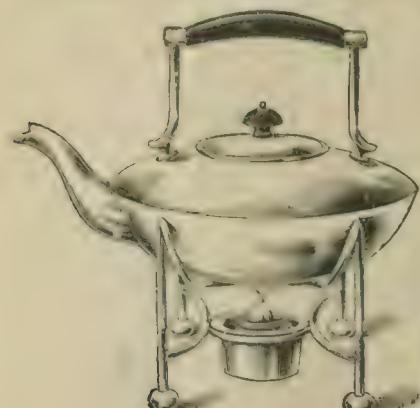
of the new mushroom shape is that it is turned down more completely at the brim, this not being straight, but actually curved over to the very edges, and then, under that wide and very down-drooping brim, there is a full ruche of soft chiffon, and perhaps also a cluster of flowers or a small ribbon bow as trimming. This hat is a reproduction of an old shape (Of course! In dress, for very certainty, there is "nothing new under the sun"—were not bustles and pinched-in waists found depicted in the wall-painting of the palace of Minos at Crete?) Romney was rather fond of painting this shape, and then it reappeared in the Early Victorian period. It is very picturesque and softening in its effect on the face. The new torpedo is small and closely curled on itself at both sides. It is greatly trimmed over the narrow crown, and thence the blossoms stray partially on to the curves of the brim. A deep violet straw in this shape, for instance, was trimmed with heliotrope blossoms and leaves—this pretty little clustering flower, with its shadings of the popular purple tones, seems to be very much in favour for the new hats—the flowers almost covering the crown, narrow and rather low as it was; while to the left side of the bending-over brim a rosette of violet chiffon was placed; and the floral sprays were drawn partially over that, a bunch of the flowers balancing the design on the other side. Purple in all its shades is by far the most usual colouring of the new hats, green coming next. These dark and strong tones are obviously suitable for the still short and possibly wintry days that are yet to be got through before fair Spring arrives with delicate colourings and fragile effects in costume as her proper accompaniments. There are some of the newest models in a shape that turns up excessively at the left side, being raised to a great height by a cache-pot and bandeau going quite round the back and under the left brim; the upturned surface of the brim is then flatly trimmed with upstanding tall feathers, sometimes ostrich-plumes, but often those strange mixtures that Paris has affected lately. Peacock's feathers are employed, but, not content with their own beautiful hues, these are found dyed ochre yellow, deep bronze or old gold; and then there are mixed marabout and ostrich plumes, and there is the bird-of-Paradise tail ramping in the air; rather too pronounced, all this, for ordinary wear in England, but fascinating in a suitable scene.

Our much-maligned climate has been very kind to motorists this winter, for there has been hardly any of the piercing coldness in the wind that makes fast flight through the air chill the blood through the thickest furs. The pastime is a somewhat dangerous one, none the less, for winter, unless great care is exercised in getting suitable clothing. A regular "motoress," naturally, has the appropriate costume: a huge fur-lined coat, double-breasted and double-collared, with inner cuffs fitting tight to the wrists under wider outer sleeves all furred, and pockets lined with fur in place of a muff to carry.

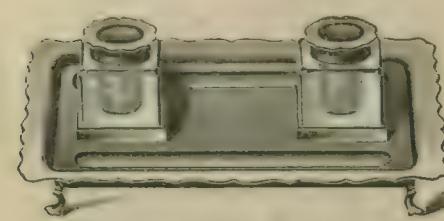
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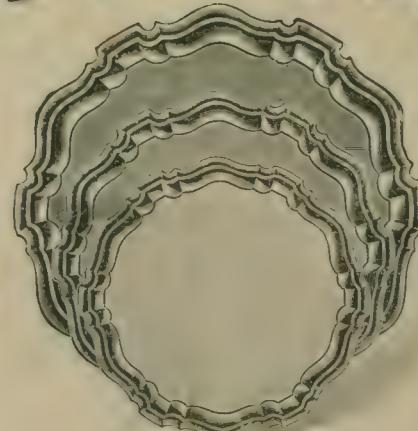
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2 " " " 4 4 0
3 " " " 5 0 0
Sterling Silver.
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"James I." Inkstand, 8½ in. long.
"Prince's Plate," £2 10s.; Sterling Silver, £5 15s.



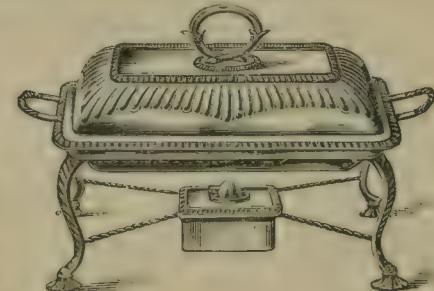
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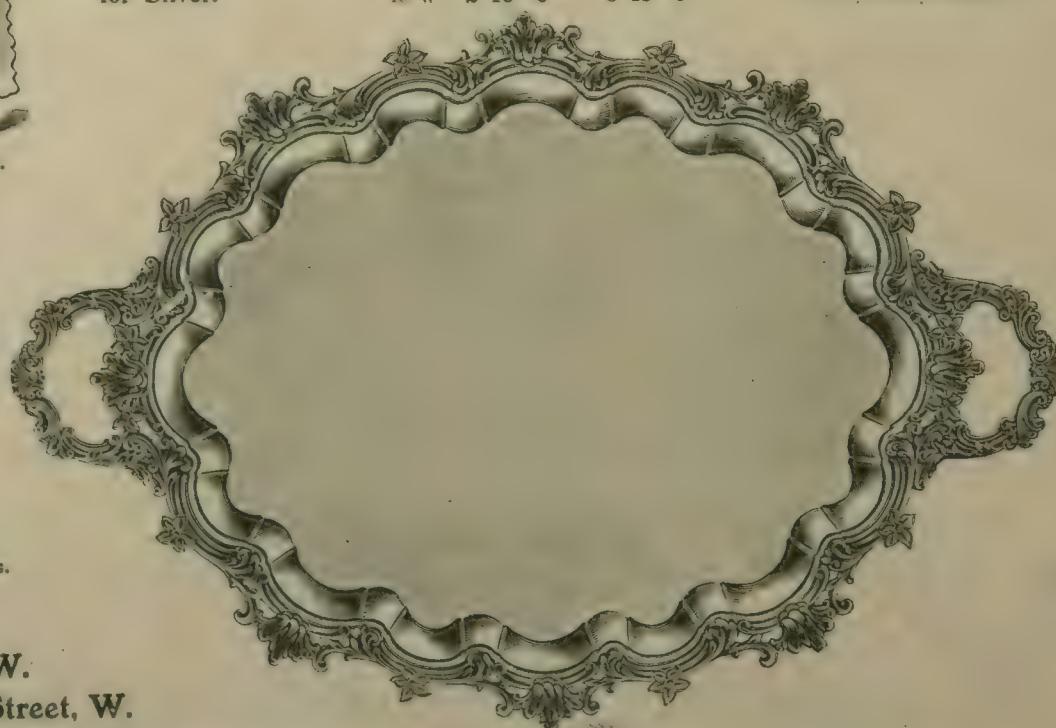
Hash Dish, 10 in. long, with loose inner dish.
"Prince's Plate," £6 15s.; Sterling Silver, £28.



Fluted Cake Basket, 10 in.
Electro Plate, £1 1s.; "Prince's Plate," £1 8s.;
Sterling Silver, £5 15s.



"James I." Muffin Dish.
"Prince's Plate," £3 5s.; Sterling Silver, £9 10s.



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DEWA'S

But it is those women who only get an occasional ride in a relative's or friend's car who are likely to suppose unwisely that ordinary wraps or furs will suffice. It is to these that the caution must be addressed not to ride in a single-breasted garment, however thick and warm it may appear. The wind searches through the crannies that must inevitably exist in the front, overlap as it may, of any single-breasted coat; buttons or hooks allow the wind to search through between them in an incredible manner when the rush of the atmosphere is faced. Then the motoring coat must sit snugly close round the throat, for a like reason; it is best when the collar fits pretty tightly, and crosses over at the front, the end buttoning half round the throat again under the left ear. Then it is much to be desired that the motor coat should button over the knees, as, however carefully the rug may be tucked in, there is apt again to be left some odd crack, or some falling down of a corner to occur, by which the cold air penetrates. Finally, the motoring coat should be very ample in size, so that warm clothing may be worn underneath; no ordinary well-fitting coat for walking allows of the amount of wrapping-up underneath it that is needful for the car. A blouse of some thin material, such as one wears for choice under a sealskin for walking, is not an adequate "second line of defence" for the motor. A complete dress of a warm material should be worn; then if it is necessary to slip off the big and heavy fur-lined wrap on entering a house, there is no danger of a chill being incurred. In order that the motor coat may go comfortably over all, the sleeves must be extra large.

International agreements are still so few in number that it is interesting to record that two recently made are in the interests of women. One concerns comparatively few, but tends to remedy a crying grievance in the cases affected. It has often happened that a woman married here to a Frenchman has found the union was not held valid in France, and that she and her children were liable to be cruelly repudiated. It has now, by an agreement between the French and British Governments, been arranged that the French Consuls in this country shall be called upon to give a certificate that all the formalities have been complied with that are necessary to make a marriage legal between a British woman and a Frenchman; and that our registrars and clergymen must ask for and receive such a certificate before they perform the "mixed" marriage ceremony. The second agreement made between all the civilised Governments is to consider the fraudulent entrapping of girls a criminal offence. The voluntary work of protecting young girls coming from abroad into a strange land to seek employment has long been earnestly undertaken by good women in several countries, but their efforts have been hampered by inadequate laws. The Pope recently took the voluntary efforts in Italy under his special protection, and gave a personal reception to the ladies heading the Roman "Society of Friends of Young Girls." The railway stations and the steam-boat piers



A CLOTH GOWN FOR SPRING.

This smart dress is of fine cloth trimmed with tiny knife pleatings of silk. The cross-over bodice is set into a deep belt, and fastened with a button, a lace jabot over silk vest completing the corsage.

are the outposts of these protective agencies: a girl can there recognise the female agent of the society by a badge of ribbon and ask for her aid; while if the agent sees a strange and helpless-looking girl in suspicious company she herself accosts her and asks her if she needs any assistance. A safe lodging is recommended if required, and the character of any situation that the girl has come to take will be inquired into. This work has long been carried on here and in Paris in connection with the Young Women's Christian Association, but the formation of similar societies on the Continent is, for the most part, a matter of the last few years. Italy was only organised for this work at the beginning of 1904. "The Holy Father received the ladies with exquisite benevolence," and promised their work a donation. "My good daughters, work with courage," his Holiness said; "I bless you, and hope for good fruit from your efforts." The Princess Mattei, the president, begged the Pope to appoint another president, saying that she had only accepted the post "provisionally for a year." The Pope immediately replied—"But we are all only working provisionally! I am myself only here provisionally from day to day. No one is sure of to-morrow, but we must spend all the time that is given to us in working for the glory of God." The international agreement between the civilised Governments ought greatly to help the volunteer work.

There are some pretty evening coats *en évidence* for table d'hôte and theatre wear, made exactly like fitted outdoor coats, but in velvet of a dainty colour and of the soft chiffon variety, and provided with vests of rich embroideries and finished with lace jabots between the revers at the throat. Such a coat wears well with any evening skirt, even if one that has seen its best days, as it is the corsage alone that counts for much in the situations above indicated. An example was an old rose chiffon velvet coat, with a pink satin narrow vest covered flatly with lace, and then trimmed with medallions of embroidery. The sleeves were a puff to the elbow, and deep ruffles of lace finished off both throat and sleeves. Bridge coats are of the same fashion, but are more usually of lace and net; the pretty display of the arm is the chief point to consider. Fichus are an easily arranged and very effective feature of evening corsages of this kind, and are usually becoming to the figure if fixed down to the waist-line at the back, not merely placed across the shoulders behind. A handsome buckle or a big button should be used to hold down the fastening at the waist-line when this drawing it down behind is adopted.

An interesting little booklet has just been issued by the proprietors of the excellent and favourite tooth-wash known as "Sozodont." The booklet will be especially interesting to children, and the proprietors will send a copy of it free to anyone applying for it to their address, Messrs. Hall and Ruckel, 46, Holborn Viaduct, E.C. FIOMENA.

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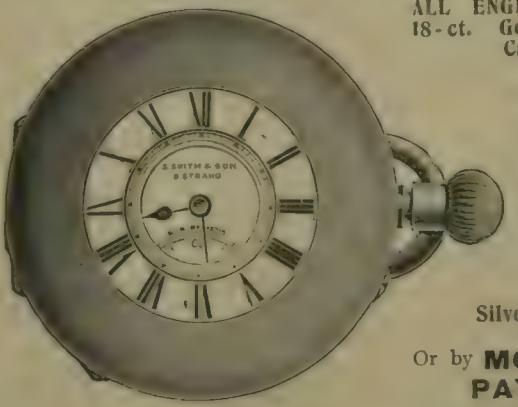
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MUSIC.

SIR CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD is a composer who has been influenced to a considerable extent by the classical masters, and while his work reflects from time to time the methods of Tschaikowsky and other men who were his contemporaries, it is with Brahms that he seems to find the closest affinity. He does not startle or surprise his audience. His thematic material seldom arrests attention or holds the ear for long, but one is conscious that training and some natural gift have given him a very large measure of control over all orchestral resources, and, while he does not strain the modern orchestra to any new or uncommon use, he never fails to obtain from it the most of the results to which the great men he loves best have accustomed us.

The new symphony in E flat that served as the *pièce de résistance* at the London Symphony Concert last week is written, we are told, in honour of the life-work of the late G. F. Watts, and the composer seems to have hesitated for awhile between regarding it as absolute or descriptive music. In the end he arrives at a compromise, suggesting that while the Symphony is to be heard—very properly we would venture to say—as absolute music, the character of the various strains has been influenced, not only by the nature and aims of the late artist, but by certain of his master-works. We do not welcome the compromise, because it must be so obvious to everybody that if a stranger went into the concert-room and

heard the music for the first time, it would do no more to suggest the late painter's life and aims than it would to suggest those of the late lamented Daniel Leno. The classical mode and the descriptive symphony cannot run in double harness, and no reference to Beethoven—should such a reference be suggested by anyone—can help the matter. We have yet to find that anything in that master's "Eroica" that may have been designed to remind us of Napoleon would not have served equally well to remind us of Julius Caesar, and the "Pastoral" is weakest when it is most descriptive.

Sir Charles Stanford's Symphony is an exceedingly scholarly composition, with brief moments that suggest inspiration. The adagio is charming throughout and most admirably scored; in the finale the themes that are said to stand for Love and Death are welded together in fashion that only the most skilled contrapuntist could have effected, and the peroration of the final movement is a thing of no small beauty. It is never easy to appreciate the value of a symphony at a first hearing. Brahms, who is in a sense Sir Charles Stanford's master, seldom yields the beauties of his symphonies until they have been wooed at many hearings; and it may be that the new work in E flat will be even more pleasing at the second hearing than at the first. Whether it will reveal a distinct musical personality, the one quality we find quite lacking, remains doubtful.

At the Queen's Hall Symphony Concert on Saturday, Jan. 20, the number of greatest interest was undoubtedly

Tschaikowsky's Fifth Symphony. Mr. Wood let his audience into many secrets of interpretation, and without undue emphasis revealed the kinship of the work with the "Pathétique."

At the Bechstein Hall, M. Lamond was heard in the "Moonlight Sonata." He played with intelligence and admirable technique, but if he penetrates the inner meanings of the Sonata, he is not quite equal to their expression. It was a capable performance, but scarcely of the artist's best.

The adoption of the steam-turbine for marine propulsion, which has lately been so successful in Atlantic and cross-Channel steamers, has been decided upon for the three steamers which are being constructed for the new direct route between England and Ireland, via Fishguard and Rosslare, which will be inaugurated during the coming summer. The well-known houses of Messrs. Cammell, Laird, and Co., Birkenhead, and Messrs. John Brown and Co., Clydebank, have been entrusted with the building of these fine vessels, and the reputation of these firms is a sufficient guarantee that the ships will rank with the best productions of modern naval architecture. The steamers will be appropriately named *St. George*, *St. Patrick*, and *St. David*, and their principal dimensions are: Length, 350 feet; breadth, 41 feet; depth, 17 ft. 6 in. The first-named vessel was launched from Messrs. Cammell, Laird's yard on Saturday, the 13th instant.

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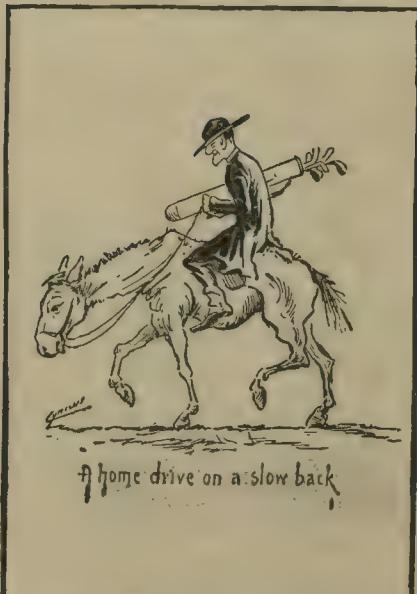
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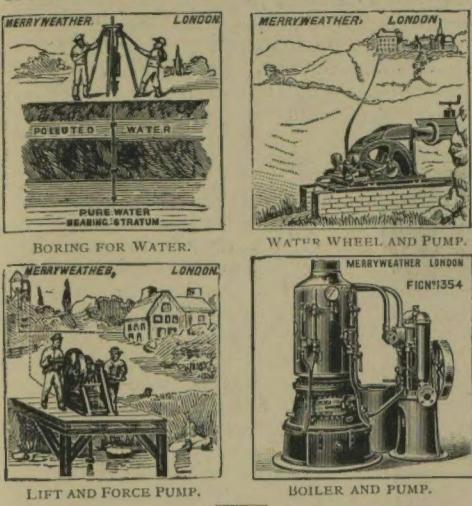
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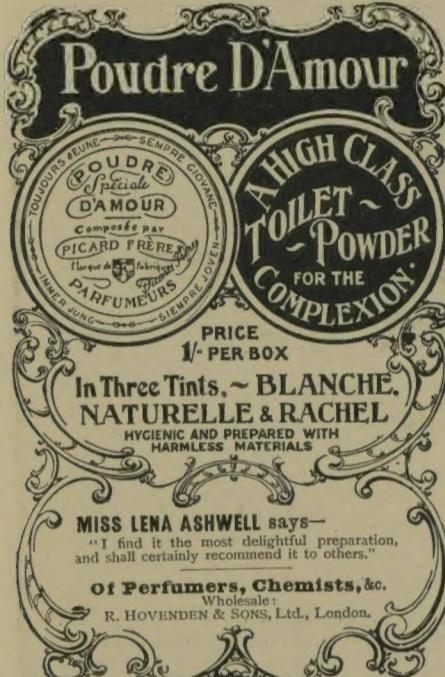
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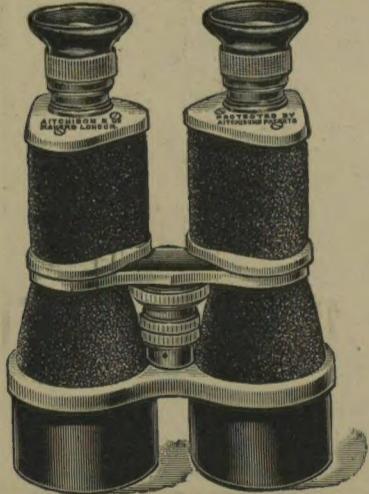


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YEAR-BOOKS FOR 1906.

THE "London Directory" for 1906 marks the 107th year of the existence of that extraordinary book, which will very soon require a small truck if it is to be handled with anything like ease. Last year Messrs. Kelly tried the experiment of including in the "London Directory" the County Suburbs, and this proved so successful that they will in future continue to do so. The district included extends from Kensington and Chelsea to Blackwall and Cubitt Town, and from Kilburn to New Cross, making an area of over 60 square miles. The Directory is probably one of the most wonderful pieces of statistical accuracy that has ever been published.

From Messrs. Kelly also we have received the "Royal Blue Book," with which one can walk safely in the realms of fashion.

"Burke's Peerage" (Harrison and Sons) is, as usual, brought closely up to date. The resignation of the Government placed the editors in a farther serious difficulty, as it occurred in the very week when most of the sheets went to press. The publication was, however, delayed for three or four days, and the volume contains, not a mere list of the resignation honours, but full and accurate particulars of those who received them.

In the case of hereditary honours, full pedigrees, complete to the minutest details, are given. This year the Right Hon. John Burns makes his first appearance in "Burke."

The change of Government was also unfortunate for "Who's Who" (A. and C. Black), which is entirely out of date for Members of Parliament. Besides the addition to biographies, "Who's Who" this year records the number of a man's sons

and daughters, his motor and telephone numbers. This may not in every case be an unmixed blessing, but, like everything else in "Who's Who," it must have its frequent occasional use to those in search of knowledge.

"Whitaker's Almanack" is as inevitable as it is indispensable to those who require an account of the astronomical and other phenomena, the finances,

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

BISHOP TAYLOR SMITH has been preaching to the L.C.C. tram-men at St. Mark's Church, Kennington. He advised each hearer to read at least one verse of the Bible each day. "Of the sparrows that I fed this morning out of my window," he remarked, "each bird had to pick up a single crumb. So every man has to pick up from God's word his own crumb."

The library of the Church House now contains over 15,000 volumes and 10,000 pamphlets, and the council have decided to allow books to be lent to subscribers. Ten volumes is the limit of loan, and the books must not be kept more than two months. Current dictionaries are not to be removed, and rare and valuable works may only be borrowed by special leave of the library committee.

Canon Rowland Ellis, the new Bishop of Aberdeen and Orkney, has been Rector of St. Paul's, Edinburgh, since 1884. His predecessor at St. Paul's was Mr. Ridge-way, now Dean of Carlisle. Canon Ellis has been an active member of the Edinburgh School Board, and is the author of several devotional works.

A new western gallery has been added to the Church of St. Ethelreda, Fulham, and has been dedicated by the Bishop of Kensington. Good progress has been made since Mr.

Charles Booth, in his chapter on the religious life of Fulham, described St. Ethelreda's as "a vast fragment of a Cathedral, with long aisle and vaulted roof, placed amid fields and confronting the new-made streets."

The Rev. Charles Kelly, President of the Wesleyan Conference, is still confined to bed, and his condition gives cause for some anxiety. It is hoped that with perfect rest the action of the heart may become stronger, but he is not allowed at present to undertake any engagements.—V.



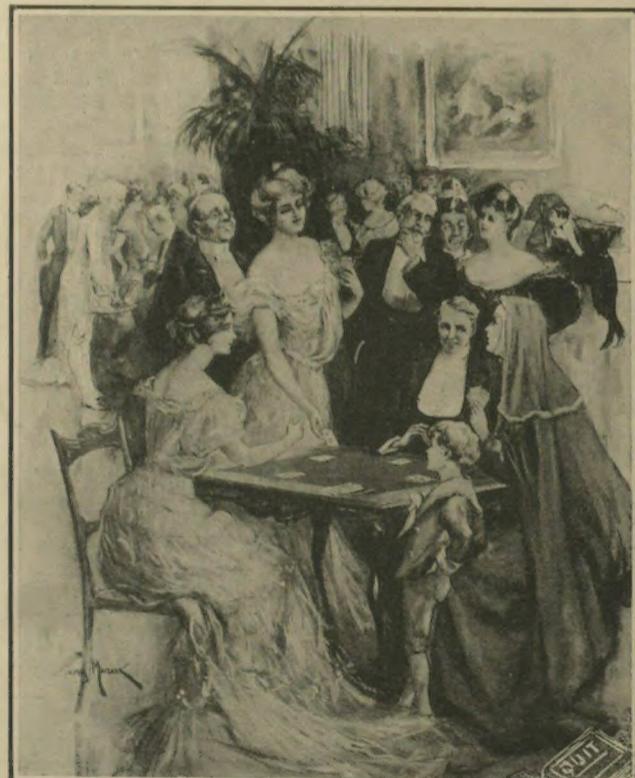
"WE ARE SEVEN": BIRMINGHAM HEARS OF ITS SOLID DECLARATION FOR PROTECTION.

DRAWN BY PRESTON CRIBB, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT BIRMINGHAM.

The scene is the posting of the results outside the Town Hall in Victoria Square, Birmingham.

On the right is the statue of Queen Victoria.

population, commerce, and general statistics of the British Empire throughout the world, with some notice of other countries." From this quotation from the title-page, there is only one omission—the words "the Government," regarding which, for the first time probably since it came into existence, "Whitaker" is, in the language of the Stock Exchange, "unable to fulfil its engagements." But that is not "Whitaker's" fault.



The Fashionable New Card Game—"QUIT."

QUIT has become the fad of Society in London and New York, and is a brilliant, spirited game, full of life and skill, and one can use his brains to excellent advantage playing it.

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FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.

PREVENTS the DECAY of the TEETH.

RENDERS THE TEETH PEARLY WHITE.

Is partly composed of Honey, and Extracts from Sweet Herbs and Plants.

IS PERFECTLY HARMLESS AND DELICIOUS TO THE TASTE.

Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the World, 2/6 per Bottle.



An enjoyable pipe can be obtained by taking a strip or two of this tobacco and rolling it as shown above. A pipe loaded in this way is delightfully cool and refreshing. It burns evenly to the last ash.

Sold everywhere in 1-oz., 2-oz., and 4-oz. tins.

We belong to no
ring or combine.

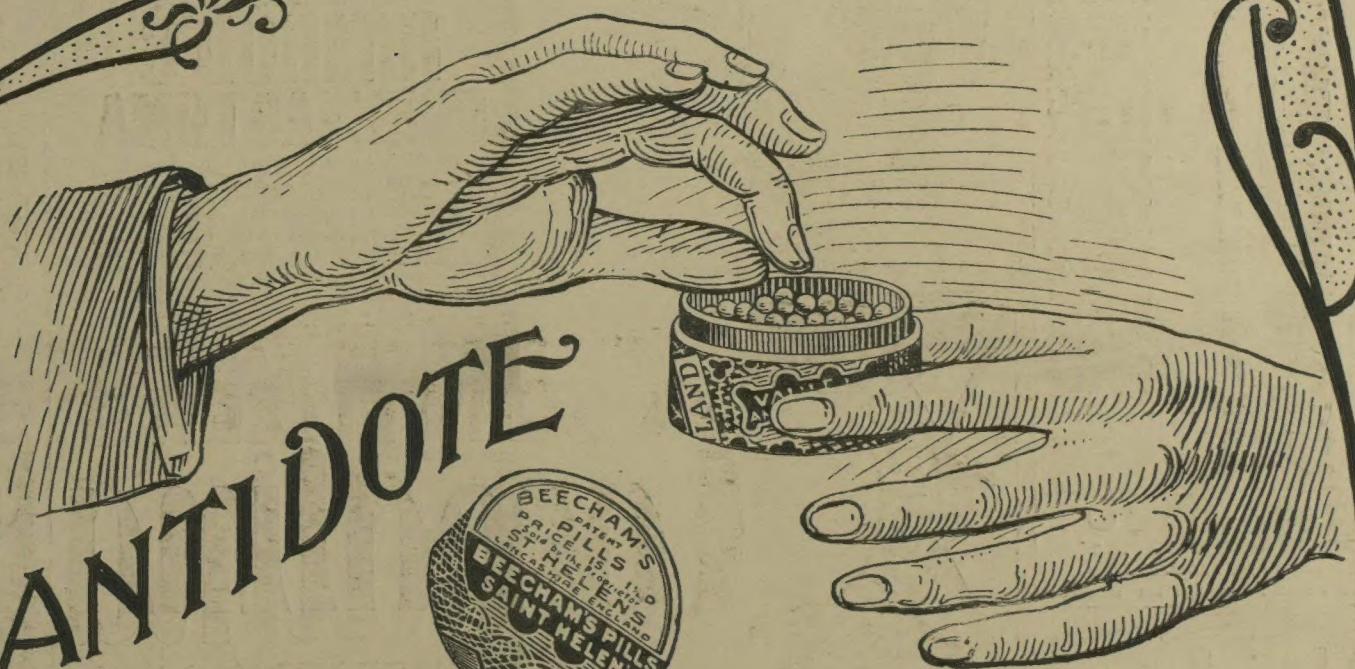
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NO WINDOW
MONOPOLY.



The TABLE D'HÔTE
The ANTIDOTE

BEECHAM'S PILLS.



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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will (dated May 2, 1898), with a codicil, of MR. ROBERT FINNIE, of the Rougemont Hotel, Exeter, who died on Oct. 21, has been proved by John Kemp and Robert Finnie McEwen, the nephews, the value of the real and personal estate being £916,099. The testator bequeaths £31,000 each to his executors; £6000, in trust, for Elisa Cortes, or Dixey; £7000 to Margaret Peel Kemp; £10,000 each to his nieces Agnes, Alice, and Mary Kemp; £20,000 to his niece Jessie McEwen; £5000, in trust, for his nephew James Kemp; £20,000 to Alberto Cortes; and £10,000 to Henriques Cortes. All other his estate and effects he leaves to his nephew Robert Finnie McEwen.

The will (dated March 8, 1905) of MR. HARVEY COMBE, of 101, Mount Street, Berkeley Square, who died on Nov. 27, has been proved by John Abdy Combe, the brother, and Henry Fuller Acland Hood, the value of the estate being £62,111. The testator gives £20,000 and his thoroughbred stock to his brother Richard; £20,000 to his brother Boyce; £15,000 to his brother John Abdy; £5000, in trust, for his sister Ida Streastfield for life, and then for his brother Boyce; £5000, in trust, for his brother John Abdy for life, and then for his godson Robert Harvey Combe; and £100 each to his executors. All other his property he leaves to his brother Boyce.

The will (dated July 26, 1905) of REAR-ADmirAL SIR WILLIAM JAMES LLOYD WHARTON, K.C.B., F.R.S., late Hydrographer to the Admiralty, of Princes Road, Wimbledon, and Fishgate Witham, Sussex, who died on Sept. 29, was proved on Jan. 1 by Dame Lucy Georgina Wharton, the widow, and John Robert Wharton, the son, the value of the property being £25,032. Sir William gives to his wife £300, the household effects, and the income for life from all his property. Subject thereto, he gives his real estate to his eldest son, John Robert, and the ultimate residue in equal shares among all his children.

H.M.S. *Black Prince*, the latest and most powerful type of armoured cruiser, will be on view in the Victoria Docks, London, at a small charge on Saturday afternoons, Jan. 27 and Feb. 3, also on Sunday, Feb. 4. The proceeds will be given in aid of the Seamen's Hospital Society (Greenwich and Albert Dock), Poplar Hospital, and West Ham Hospital. It is hoped that the public will largely avail themselves of this unique opportunity of inspecting an up-to-date war-vessel.

The action of International Plasmon (Limited) v. Plasmonade (Limited) and others, has resulted in a perpetual injunction being granted against the defendants, restraining them from carrying on business as

manufacturers of food, etc., under any name of which the word "Plasmon" forms part.

In our page of fifty-five new members of Parliament, the portraits of Kekewich, Sir W. J. Collins, Gibbs, Dunne, Spicer, Boulton, Masterman, Scarisbrick, McKinnon Wood, A. E. W. Mason, Lea, McLaren, Clarke, Hills, Bottomley, Nield, Waterlow, Davies, Fell, Seavers, Dickinson, Rutherford, Cornwall, Horniman, Maclean, Money, Gomme, and Williamson are by Elliott and Fry; those of Sears, Williams, Cooper, J. W. Mason, Torrance, Jackson, Pearce, Walron, Butcher, Bramsdon, Benn, Wiles, Cecil, Hazel, Cleland, Strauss, and Baker are by Russell; Stanger by Bassano; Crossfield by Birtles; Cotton by Bell; Mond by Chidley; S. Collins by Taylor; Kincaid Smith and Berridge by Bartlet; Ridsdale by Foster; and Tennant by Barnett. In our other page of members' portraits those of Younger, Molteno, Tennant, Napier, Rees, Winfrey, Edwards, Magnus, Jardine, Verney, Lane-Fox, Idris, Bennett, and Cowan are by Elliott and Fry; Marnham, Bridgeman, Henderson, and Stewart by Russell; Stanley by Chidley; Ferens by Barry; Hedges by Flemons; Watt by Lafayette; and Branch by the London Stereoscopic Company. On the page of Labour members the photographs of Cremer, Bell, and Macdonald are by Elliott and Fry; those of Crooks and Burns by Russell; Ward by Treble; Keir Hardie by Park; and Bowerman by the London Stereoscopic.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.

INVALUABLE FOR COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, NEURALGIA, AND ALL KINDRED AILMENTS.

This old and tried remedy has stood the test of two generations. Refuse to be put off with a Substitute; the Original can be had of all Chemists if you let it be seen that you are not weak enough to accept an imitation.

Collis Browne is the Name; 1/1, 2/9, 4/6 the prices.

"IT IS ABLE TO SUPPORT LIFE."

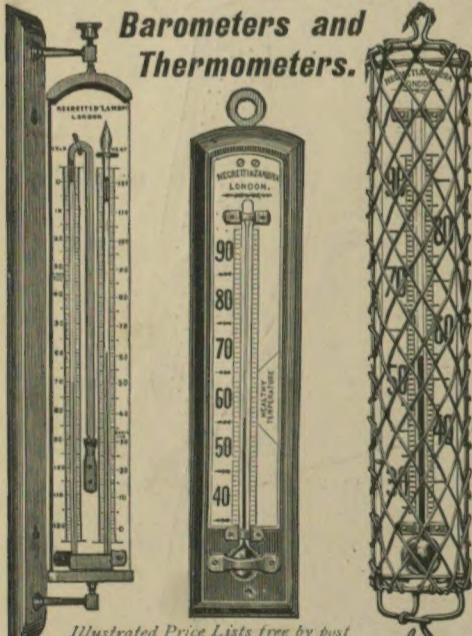
—Lancet.

PLASMON
COCOA

One cup contains more nourishment than 10 cups of any ordinary cocoa, and is absolutely free from chemicals.

NOURISHES
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STRENGTHENS.

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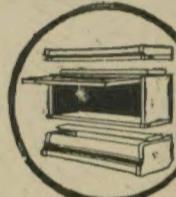
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Outlasts every other soap twice over, so costs half.
Washes whiter than any other Household Soap because
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Alay all inflammation and irritation. Invaluable for Hoarseness, Catarrh, Bronchitis, and all affections of the Throat.
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